

## THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

A discovery has of late been made by our mob orators (or rather, we believe, has been borrowed by them from the French Republican writers, who are more properly entitled to the patent,) that the great cause of all the evils of England is its aristocracy; that the "people" are the mere slaves of this omnipotent, omnivorous, cruel, detestable, though rather shadowy, monster, which crushes them, tortures them, and grinds their bones to make it bread; and that there is no hope for the country until this same "aristocracy" has been annihilated, or, at least, deprived of the power of trampling on the "people" any longer. Of this school of philosophers, "Mr. John Hampden, junior," (as he calls himself,) in his work entitled, *The Aristocracy of England, a History for the People*,\* is the acknowledged Coryphæus; on that account we have thought it part of our duty to make ourselves acquainted with the volume, and we now invite our readers to accompany us, not indeed in a review of it (for that would require more space than *Fraser* can afford to the demolition of vermin,) but in a short razzia which we propose making into the wilderness of falsehood, absurdity, and wickedness, which its pages present to the disgusted student.

We must say at once what we think and feel about this book, though at the risk of deterring the reader from favoring us with his company any further. It is the most painful display of utter malevolence and badness of heart, deliberately indulging itself in heaping abuse, and with it the hatred of the ignorant, the unhappy, and the excitable, on the heads of the objects of its aversion, regardless of truth, honor, or even of consistency, that we ever had the misfortune to meet with.

The work has one sole and simple object, though pursued by somewhat complicated and laborious means; which is to express and to excite in the rest of mankind, a hearty and utter abhorrence of that class of individuals commonly called in advertisements, "the nobility and gentry." The means employed consist chiefly of varied and profuse applications of that species of argument or no-argument, known to logicians as the *Fallacia medi non distributi*: a sufficiently old and vulgar rhetorical artifice, to be sure, yet one which seldom fails in producing its effect upon the sympathizing audi-

ence. The method is as follows:—First, the people to be abused are invested with some vague general name; if one which is already rather invidious, so much the better; say, "aristocracy:" next, a great number of other people, who are, or have been, or might have been, also called "aristocracy," are approved (or asserted, which does quite as well) to have been guilty of all kinds of tyranny, misgovernment, oppression, crime, and abomination: then comes a little mistiness in the argument, something like that which is observable about a conjuror's hands just before the orange becomes a live pigeon, with the lady's watch tied round its neck, but which the reader is requested, and indeed expected not to notice; and lastly, there comes a grand burst of indignant denunciation, in which all the tyranny, misgovernment, oppression, crime, and abomination, committed by "aristocracy" in general, are heaped upon the unfortunate head, shoulders, and back of "aristocracy" in particular; and the "acute and high-spirited British people," "the people, the fruitful soil of all imagination, of all constructiveness, of all valor, daring enterprise, success, and national glory," are called upon to shake off and annihilate these "mere vermin that ride in the lion's mane," this "one great and hideous evil of England;" these men who "have lived and fattened on the blood of the whole world," who have "heaped murder and crime on themselves and this nation for the selfish purposes of their own aggrandizement;" these "great vultures who prey on the rich and ever springing liver of the bound Prometheus of Great Britain;" these "impudent pick-pockets;" these "cormorants who feast on and drink the very life's blood" of John Bull; these "usurpers whose property is wholly made up of fraudulent acquisitions from the Crown, the Church, and the People;" these "locusts;" this "herd of the Epicurean sty, who through their thefts, their frauds, and their oppressions, have sent millions of resplendent souls, in groans and tears, through the narrow places of this world;" this "effeminate, stupid, and imbecile class;" these "beasts of prey;" this "rabble of impostors!" And the author, in "a transport of patriotism and universal philanthropy," exclaims, "Free do we call ourselves, while we stand in the eye of Heaven shaking our chains, and the very angels blush at the ignominious spectacle!"

The following passage will give a tolerable

\* *The Aristocracy of England; a History for the People.* By John Hampden, jun. Second Edition, pp. 333. London 1846. Eppingham Wilson.

notion of the *animus* of the writer, and the professed object of the work :

What, indeed, are these kings, lords, and commons? Where does the power, said to be invested in them, really reside? Let the people of England ask themselves that great question, and they will find in its answer the one great root and source, the one great mystery, of all their troubles. They will find that their boasted House of Commons is but the engine of aristocracy to cheat them with a show of freedom, while they, through its means, rob, and plunder, and scourge them to their hearts' content. They will find that they have not the power to move a finger of the House of Commons: that the aristocracy — such a mighty, and wealthy, and luxurious aristocracy, as the world never before saw — are, in truth, the possessors of all and every thing in England. They possess the Crown, for it is the great bauble and talisman of all their wealth and honors. They possess the House of Commons, by their sons, their purses, and their influence. They possess the Church and the State, the Army and the Navy. They possess all offices at home and abroad. They possess the land at home, and the colonies to the end of the earth. And, what is more, they possess the property and the profits of every man; for they have only to stretch out their great arm in a vote of the House of Commons, and they can take it as they please.

If there be a man who doubts this awful state of things; who doubts whether England — the great, indefatigable, high hearted England — be the patrimony and possession of the aristocracy, let him attempt to check any act of extravagance; to work any necessary reform; to extend in the slightest degree, the liberty of the subject, through the medium of the House of Commons.

For my part, it shall in this volume be my task to lay bare the one great and hideous evil of England; to show the one great cause of all our derangements, and all our distresses, — the usurpation of the total powers of the constitution by an overgrown aristocracy, and the strange monstrosities which, in the course of this usurpation, it has perpetrated. — (P. 7.)

To a book conceived in this spirit, and worked out by these means, the author has the cool impudence to annex the name of John Hampden! Cool impudence is, in truth, nearly as great a characteristic of this writer, as audacious misrepresentation or deliberate malevolence. John Hampden, indeed! No, no: right or wrong, patriot or rebel, John Hampden was, at all events, a *gentleman*, and would have scorned to take a weapon against the deadliest enemy out of *your* armory, Mr. — suppose we say, *Flamden*? Yes, that shall be your title for the future; we will not dishonor a great historic name by linking it with the dirty and wicked stuff with which we have to deal.

There are two words which, whenever one

meets with them in modern writings, one may feel pretty sure that some fallacy, more or less intentional, is about to be perpetrated. One is "Aristocracy," and the other "People." The words are in themselves so vague, and have been so led, misused, and twisted about in social and political discussions, now terms of abuse, now of boasting and praise, now meaning one thing, now another, now a whole, now a part, that they have become positive nuisances; and it is high time to dismiss them altogether from the language. Our demagogues, however, will never give up such useful weapons; it is so very convenient to have an abstraction to denounce and defy, without any misgivings about the attorney-general!

What a curious list of definitions we should get if we could oblige everybody who has used this word "aristocracy," for the last six months, to set down what he meant by it! It may mean simply the peerage; it may mean all the upper classes; it may mean a privileged and exclusive class, like the old nobility of Venice or Poland. A French Red Republican would say, it was everybody attached to any existing constitution. When a drunken blackguard is sent to the treadmill for making a disturbance, his friends are informed at the next meeting of the Open Air Debating Society that another victim has been sacrificed at the altar of the aristocratic Moloch; meaning thereby, the policemen and magistrate. To the Celtic patriot, the aristocracy are the supporters of the trebbly-accursed Union; to the tuft-hunter, people who live in Belgravia, and are considered desirable acquaintance; General Foy (as quoted and approved of by Flamen) said, in the French Chambers, that it was "the league, the coalition of those who wish to consume without producing, live without working, occupy all public places without being competent to fill them, and seize upon all honors without meriting them;" and finally Flamen himself gives such an extended sense to this hateful noun substantive, that one cannot help wondering sometimes, as one reads his books, *Who are the People*, if all these are the Aristocracy?

The following extracts will show whom he includes under the term, at least for the purposes of abuse, and so far as they have been guilty of any available crimes, oppressions, or follies:—

At this hour, spite of the Reform-bill, which was to annihilate its aggressions, it [the Aristocracy] stands the great triumphant Colossus of all property, all government, and all power in this country. If any one should ask me what the aristocracy possesses in this nation, I would ask him what it does not possess? THE ARISTOC-

RACY OF ENGLAND POSSESSES EVERYTHING IN THIS COUNTRY. We have traced its history, let us now trace its possessions. These are:—

1. The Crown; 2. The State, with all its offices, taxes, and pensions; 3. The Army and Navy; 4. The Church in England, Wales, Ireland, and the colonies, with all its dignities and livings; 5. The crown-lands, and nearly all the land of England; 6. The public charities; 7. Ireland and the colonies, India, Canada, Australia, the West Indies, the Cape, the Mauritius, &c. &c.—(P. 219.)

Again,—

The crown was usurped by the Tudors, a branch, and a very insignificant branch, of the aristocracy in the fourteenth century, and remains with their descendants; and is, THEREFORE, itself only a portion of the great and towering aristocracy of England.—(P. 221.)

What logic, by the way! And if we are not mistaken, we recollect reading, at p. 102, when the immediate object was to show what a set of contemptible dogs our monarchs have all along been, that only three generations before Elizabeth's time the Tudors were "an inconsiderable family of Welshmen;" therefore (quite as conclusively,) the crown is only a portion of the PEOPLE.

But never mind, let us get on with our extracts:—

It has succeeded in possessing itself of everything belonging to the British people,—government, colonies, offices, taxes, pensions, public charities, corn-laws, and in fact, of everything.—(P. 46.)

Every sensible man who looks well into the actual state of facts, will see that this [the British] constitution *has long ceased to exist; that there is no such thing as the British constitution*, according to the popular idea of it; that the people have no house, and the monarch little or no political existence, but is the mere gilded puppet of Darby and Joan. We will go a little nearer, and trace some of the most striking means by which this grand delusion has to this hour been so successfully kept up, and by which the aristocracy have contrived in reality to possess themselves of *everything in this country*,—of the Church and the State; the House of Lords and House of Commons; the sovereignty in the cabinet, and the possession of all offices; the army and the navy; the colonies abroad and the land at home; in a word, of everything in England but the debt which they have bestowed on the people and left them to pay; and the trade which they despise, yet continue to extract the sweets of, through the medium of taxation, in office, salaries, and pensions.—(P. 166.)

Now it is pretty plain that all this may be either perfectly true or perfectly false, according to the definition which you choose to affix to the word. Of course, *if* every minister is an aristocrat, it is quite true that the aristocracy

are in possession of the government: *if* every holder of church preferment is an aristocrat, it is quite true that they have seized upon the Church, and so on through the whole list; and in this point of view the whole of the book is nothing more or less than a mere dilated truism; and all its grand declamation, historical learning, and statistical demonstration, amounts, *when it's fried* (as Sam Slick would say,) just to this,—that in this oppressed and unfortunate country, ever since the Norman conquest at least, influential men have always had influence, and powerful men have always had power; that the cruel have frequently committed cruelties, and the ambitious have often been grasping; that all the property in England is entirely in the hands of the proprietors thereof: that the bench is monopolized by the judges, and the church by the clergy; that all the commissions in the army and navy are held by naval and military officers; that the peerage has the exclusive possession of the House of Lords; and that the ministry and other government functionaries, with their officials, absolutely engross all public salaries, pay, and pensions.

This is all that the book really proves; but, of course, it is not all nor any part of what Flauden wishes to prove; and his great struggle throughout is so to shuffle, mystify, and ring the changes on this one unfortunate word, "aristocracy," as to be able to make it appear that what is true of it in one of its meanings is true of it in another; and so to jumble up the aristocracy (nobility and gentry) with the aristocracy (possessors of everything,) and the aristocracy (of England in the present day) with the aristocracy (of every country under the sun since the world began,) so as to produce the impression that he has *proved* of the one what is in fact only *identical* with the other: in other words, that the nobility and gentry of the present day are the possessors of everything in England; and if they did not commit, are responsible for, and must bear the odium of, all the sins that anything else called aristocracy ever committed.

Before we go farther, let us just ask in our turn, What is this aristocracy of England? The simple fact is,—we are almost ashamed to state gravely such notorious truths, but it is not our fault,—the simple fact, as every honest man who knows anything of our social and constitutional condition, and is not misled by words, must be aware is, that there is not, properly speaking, in England any aristocracy at all; there are only *upper classes*. It is true the senate is hereditary, but that alone does not constitute an aristocracy. There are no noble or privileged races here; there is no



line drawn through the middle of society, dividing it into two sections, neither of which may mingle with the other, and of which the upper alone is capable of power and property. Every place, every prize in Church or State, army or navy, on the bench or in the legislature—rank, wealth, and honors, are open to every man in these kingdoms alike; open not only in constitutional theory, but in practice and in fact. It is not, to be sure, very *likely* that, except in times of great social convulsion, any one man should ascend from the bottom of the ladder to the top of it in his own person; but that two or three generations should do it is not only possible but common: we see it every day. What is the use of reasoning with men who will not take cognizance of the most obvious facts under their very eyes? Look round you; make a list of all the men who are at this moment in possession of power, place, wealth, dignity, or any one of the desirable things of this world; and say how many of them can, in any conceivable sense, be classed among an exclusive and privileged aristocracy? Why, it is notorious that three-fourths of them at least are not three generations removed from the ranks of "the people," from which they and their ancestors rose by their talents and energies, as a matter of course, in the career which is open and free as air to all. What obstacle, or ghost of an obstacle, does society or law place in the way of any man, high or low, who would better his condition and raise himself from the station in which he was born to a higher one? On the other hand, fast as the sons of the middle and lower classes are rising into the upper, the sons of the "aristocracy" are sinking into the common mass of the nation. Every son, every descendant of the "haughtiest" peer in the realm, except one individual in each generation, is a mere commoner, and, when one or two degrees removed, ceases to have any connection with the "aristocratic" stock from which he sprang. Primogeniture, which many declaimers, and be sure our author among the rest, denounce as an aristocratic contrivance for keeping up class distinction, is, in truth, a highly democratic element in our social *status*; it sends down at once three-fourths of our best blood into the ranks of "the people." In countries really governed by an aristocracy, that is by a privileged *race*, all the sons of nobles are noble too; a noble can no more become a plebeian than a plebeian can become a noble. What have we of this here? Our aristocracy (if you will use the word,) is only an aristocracy of social station, not of caste or privilege; it is, in short, nothing but the upper classes for the time being. Whether the

laws of England are more favorable than they should be to the upper classes for the time being, at the expense of the middle and lower classes for the time being; whether the upper classes for the time being have in times past done, or now do, all that they ought; are questions important, indeed, but which cannot be disposed of by calling them aristocrats and then denouncing aristocracy, inasmuch as upper classes in some form or other, and under some name or other, there must be in every society, and wherever they are the same considerations must arise.

In the presence of facts so notorious, one may feel pretty certain that any attempt to make out a case against "the aristocracy of England" on historical or genealogical grounds, must be a ridiculous failure, leading the writer into a string of absurdities and self-contradictions. This task, nevertheless, Flammen undertakes; and it must be conceded to him, that what he lacks in conclusiveness he fully makes up in virulence. Virulence, however, may make a man trip a little now and then; and in this case it leads our author into a second or inner circle of inconsistencies, which get involved with the greater system in a way which it really gives one a headache even to contemplate. For at the same moment that he is anxious to connect the present aristocracy with the aristocracy of all preceding ages, so as to give the former the benefit of all the crimes of the latter, he is also so eager to mortify the haughty tyrants on what he conceives to be their tender point, namely, the pride of birth and ancestry, that he is perpetually showing that their lordships are, after all, the merest contemptible upstarts, sprung from the dregs of the people; and *vice versa*, while he is loudly exalting the virtues, power, genius, courage, and strength of the "people" above the "poor hocuspocus of aristocracy," he, nevertheless, cannot refuse himself the gratification of pointing to the low origin of ennobled families for the purpose of abusing and degrading them. Now, adopting your division of the nation, how can sons of the people be aristocrats? Adopting your scale of merit, how can it be a reproach to be a son of the people? There is a dilemma for you to meditate upon, Mr. Flammen. Since the work must thus, from its very nature, be made up of inconsistencies and contradictions, it is not necessary to give any extracts from it to complete the demolition and exposure of the writer; but as it is amusing to see a man (metaphorically, at least) deliberately sawing at his own throat, and cutting down the branch on which he is sitting, let us follow him in detail through a few pages of this precious production.



The principal part of the work consists, as we have said, of a genealogical and historical attempt to make the aristocracy of the present day responsible for, or at least to give them the benefit of all the odium of, every crime, fault, or folly committed by any member of the aristocracy since the Norman conquest. Our author opens, accordingly, with a denunciation of "the wretched fallacy of blood and descent, the most wretched and miserable fallacy," he says, "which ever cursed the human race; being the pretext for every insolence and every species of tyranny amongst men, and being besides the most hollow bubble that ever was blown by pride: for there is no beggar who, if he could trace his pedigree, would not find himself descended from kings, and no king who is not descended from beggars."

Very good. But if it is a hollow bubble when blown by pride, how comes it that it is not equally hollow and equally a bubble when blown by malevolence? If a man has no business to claim consideration on account of the virtues, talents, or eminence of his ancestor, what right have you, Mr. Flauden, to hold him up to public detestation on account of the misdeeds or stupidity of his ancestor? If every beggar is descended from kings, and every king from beggars (which is very possible, and may be very true,) why then, according to your own definitions, every beggar is an aristocrat, and every king a son of the people. And now what becomes of the whole scope and argument of your book? But, stay! blood and descent, it seems, make up no such wretched fallacy, after all, provided they be of the sort which Flauden approves of: "the blood of the middle classes, 'earth's best blood'" is an excellent thing, and a man may well be proud to have *that* flowing in his veins (as if every man had not!); and yet not quite the middle classes either; we ought to go a little lower:—"Never let the glorious truth be forgotten that the good and the salvation of the world always come, and always have come, *from the Hut*. Christ came thence; the patriarchs, the prophets, and apostles, came thence; the greatest sages and philosophers, the true founders and builders of national wealth and glory, of the power and the happiness of man, have come thence in all ages."—(P. 325.) An uncommonly fine piece of writing that, Mr. Flauden; and since, as you truly observe, there is no king, and, of course, *à fortiori*, no aristocrat, who does not come thence also, we are glad to find that kings and aristocrats have at least a little of the right ichor within them, though, of course, a good deal adulterated by the infusion of the "purer" article. But hold again. Where does this purer article itself come from? There

really seems to be some little confusion in your argument here, Mr. F.; something very like reasoning in a circle. But no doubt you can clear it up. Hut or no hut, it is certain that an aristocrat can have no good in him. *That* you have proved so very satisfactorily that we need not mind such a trifling inconsistency as this.

"The period from which the English aristocracy dates its origin is that of the Norman conquest. Aristocracy, indeed, there was in the country before; but that was annihilated by the Normans, and this epoch was the vaunted birthday of our nobility."—(P. 8.) It is not often that we can accuse our author of too great forbearance; but really, in the present case, we must say that he is very unwise in giving up so recklessly such a copious source of invective as the history of the Saxon times would have afforded him. Think of the ravages and tyranny of Hengist and Horsa, and their followers! These surely constituted too good a theme to be thrown away, even if you were not inclined to go back to the human sacrifices of the Druids (which might have furnished an excellent argument against the present bench of bishops,) or the defeat of Cassivelaunus by Cæsar (which might have gone far to show that the Duke of Wellington is no great shakes of a general after all.) What though the Saxon aristocracy were annihilated by the Normans (which, however, nobody who has read *Ivanhoe* will believe)? that was no reason for leaving them out. The Norman followers of William the Conqueror have all been annihilated too; at least there is no ground for "the proud pretence of our proud nobles," that they "forsooth, are descended from the gallant and chivalrous Normans," as you yourself demonstrate with the utmost vigor and satisfaction; and yet you bring *them* on the stage with admirable effect, and in a way which must be perfectly convincing to every reader, provided he agreed with you before he began, and possess the faculty of forgetting what he has seen on one page before he turns over to the next.

But, however, so be it. Let the period from which the English aristocracy dates its origin be the Norman conquest. Here, then, in A.D. 1066, we take our stand: here the broad, unmistakable, and impassable line is to be drawn: the aristocracy are ranged on one side, and the people on the other. Here are the oppressors, there are the oppressed; here the vultures, there the lambs. Let us now trace the two streams through the eight centuries that succeed; they can never mingle, of course. Aristocracy remains aristocracy, and people people; let each class be judged by the deeds of its own sons; and let the curtain rise.

Well, it must be confessed that this aristocracy of ours *is* a terribly bad set. In the first place, they (that is, the Normans who came over with William the Conqueror, it is all the same thing) were "a swarm of the most desperate and needy adventurers, a rascal rabble of vagabond thieves and plunderers." (All the nearer to the *hut*, Mr. Flamen, so we are surprised that you should reckon *that* a reproach; but let us get on.) As for being Normans, "they were not, in fact, one half of them what they pretended to be, Normans;" and if they had been, "Who are the Normans? Why, the Danes! Yes, the proud aristocracy of England—such of them as have any long known descent at all, are actually descended from the Danes! They are the legitimate issue of this bloody and barbarous people!" It is hard to stand up for the aristocracy of England after such a conclusive blow as that: but we must proceed in the horrid exposure. The leader of these "vultures," William of Normandy, "one of the bloodiest tyrants in history, was—*so much for his blood*—a bastard, the son of one Harlotta, a tanner's daughter, of the town of Falaise." So much for his blood, indeed! It does not seem to have occurred to you, Mr. F., that this is a pretty good proof that the *hut* can produce bloody tyrants as well as the castle sometimes! These pseudo-Normans, "the sweeping and refuse of all Europe" (the *hut* again!) headed by this "Frenchified Dane, this bastard of pure blood, commenced a general war of extermination and confiscation," to trace which at length "would be to write a volume of the most unmitigated horrors which ever blackened the page of history." "This army of human fiends—of what an old Norman calls a host of 'Normans, Burgolouns, thieves, and felons,' went on in a fury of carnage over all Northumberland, burning towns, villages, houses, and crops, and slaying men, women, children, and cattle, with indiscriminate rage." What abominable villains! Besides, William made them a speech, which is "in every way a most remarkable speech, and one which ought never to be forgotten by Englishmen. It proclaims to them, in most unequivocal language, *that great truth*, which I shall have only too frequent occasion in the course of this volume to illustrate, that the aristocracy of England hold their property and privileges *by right of conquest*, and that *we, the people*, are, in fact, to this day, *the slaves*, not only of conquest, but of a Danish conquest." The infamous thieves! We are really getting quite excited against this intolerable aristocracy. The weight of historical evidence, and of Flamenian eloquence, is perfectly overwhelming! Down with the "Franco-Danish wretches!" "The

ruthless Conqueror divided the whole country amongst his equally ruthless Norman followers. All lands passed gradually by confiscation into their possession; and thus did the aristocracy of England acquire the bulk of the lands of the nation." It is really too bad! But stop a moment. What is this that we read in the next page? "Great numbers of his (the Conqueror's) chiefs, glutted with spoil, preferred *returning* to enjoy it in their own country. William was highly enraged at this *desertion*. He *confiscated again* the estates which he had granted to such men in this country." Presently afterwards, "in the reign of Rufus, other causes thinned out this original Norman stock *without introducing others*." When William Rufus had prevailed over the party of his brother Robert, "all those barons who had opposed him *fled*, and their estates *were confiscated*." After that, a great conspiracy broke out against him among those barons who remained. These were defeated and *destroyed* in various ways, or *escaped in troops* to the Continent; and their estates here were *confiscated*." Presently afterwards, again, Henry (Beauclerc) "pursued the same policy, and this caused a still *greater clearing out* of the *first race* of Normans; till," says the historian, "one by one, *nearly all* the great nobles, the sons of the men who had achieved the conquest of England, were *driven out of the land* as traitors and outlaws, and their estates and honors were given to *new men*, to the obscure followers of the new court."

Here Flamen comes out with a grand flourish, thinking that the reader will not perceive how completely he is cutting his own throat thereby. "What now," he exclaims, "becomes of all the boasts of high blood? Of descent from those victorious Normans who won England at Hastings? Here we have the clear declaration of history, that these, and the sons of these, had either gone out, or were driven out, till *scarcely one of them remained*." Very well. But what also becomes of your fine descriptions of the atrocities committed by these victorious Normans, if the present aristocracy have nothing to do with them? How is it that the division of the country by the Conqueror among his followers is the source from which "the aristocracy of England acquired the bulk of the lands of this nation," if, within a few years after that division, all that those followers had got was taken away from them, and they themselves expelled the kingdom? We have made a little slip there, Mr. F.; perhaps we had better cancel the last few pages in our next edition, and take our history up a little later; and, if the space must be filled up with something, we might

put in a few passages from the records of Attila, or Timour the Tartar : they admit of being quite as highly seasoned with virtuous and patriotic indignation, and are just as much to the purpose.

"But," says our author, as if anticipating some such little expostulation as we have above ventured upon, "if the proud blood of the present day be not descended from those first conquerors, as it appears evident enough that it is not, there is every reason to believe that it is descended from a *much meaner*, but equally rapacious brood, thieves, parasites, low adventurers, and ruffians of all descriptions, which continued at all possible opportunities to stream over from the Continent for ages, and to slip into the service and favoritism of a succession of the worst monarchs that ever sat on any throne." And thus taking a fresh start, off he goes again in the same strain. Is not this utter coolness and impudence, with which a self-convicted liar proposes that we should change the subject, without a word of explanation or apology, really too bad? Truly, he must have great confidence, either in the stupidity or the uninquiring sympathy of his readers!

We cannot, of course, follow the writer through the whole history of England down to the present time. The use he makes of it may be guessed from the specimen we have given (which is an abstract of but ten or eleven pages of the book; within so small a space does he not scruple to insert such a mass of inconsistency and absurdity!); we have throughout the same strain of insane rant, the same determination to attribute all the evils of the country to one exclusive cause, the same spirit of bitter yet suicidal malevolence, so eager to avail itself of every possible topic of abuse, that it cannot bear to omit one, though it is absolutely contradictory to another. One would have thought that even a demagogue would not have impudence enough to attempt *at the same time* to prove that the aristocracy has always been a distinct, exclusive class, whose history can be traced apart from that of the people, *and* that the aristocracy has nothing in the way of pedigree or race to boast of, and is all sprung from the middle and lower classes—yet so it is; and it is really almost amusing to see the number of times that he shifts his ground, and contradicts himself on this one head alone. We have seen how coolly he discards the Conqueror's followers, after making such use of their sins as suits his purpose, and substitutes a new set of invaders in their stead. Scarcely has he taught us to detest the aristocracy for the misdeeds of *these*, than we find that we have again been wasting our antipathies, for these

are not the root of the aristocracy either. During the Tudor times, the whole of the old race was lopped off, and a new growth of "wolves and leeches," "asses in lions' skins," "toads" and "salamanders" (as they are called, with quite an *embarras* of metaphorical riches), came in; so that, at page 77, we have once more to dismiss all that we have before read about the aristocracy, as nothing to the purpose, and to begin again from, say, the middle of the sixteenth century. But only to be again disappointed: from this position also we are to be dislodged. For we find at page 292, that what "knocks the whole pretentious system completely on the head is, that George III. manufactured, as may be seen in any book of the peerage, no less than five hundred and twenty-two peers! Now, take from the present number five hundred and seventy-three—these manufactures of George III.—and there remain but fifty-one which could possibly be of prior date; and this is completely corroborated by the fact, stated by both heralds and peerages, that, at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, there were not fifty-six nobles." So that, after all, it is no use to go further back than the days of George III., and we may just forget, as fast as we can, all that we have read up to page 290, or thereabouts. But we might have spared ourselves the trouble of culling this posy of anomalies from separate passages, for the author very complacently sums up for us his own series of contradictions in these words:—

"We have shown in this history how vain and ridiculous are all the *pretences of pure blood*, and of Norman descent. We have shown that that very Norman descent is but a *descent from the savage Danes*. We have shown further, that even the few who can trace their genealogy up to Norman times, *can claim no distinction* there. We have shown how, from age to age, *fresh swarms* from the Continent, of such desperate and characterless adventurers, entered the army and service of our monarchs in the most distracted times, and filled up the lists of the titled. We have shown how every title of note has *successively rested* on the heads of traitors, murderers, and the *vilest of men*. So that even those who can trace themselves to Norman times, trace out only *their own infamy*, affiliating themselves on some monster disgraceful to his country, or to the mere *bakers, and butchers, and cooks*, of the lordly Normans, &c.—(p. 290.)

And all this in the same book in which the English aristocracy is called a "corporate body," which "*has sustained nearly eight hundred years of daring assumption of exclusive wealth, honor, and privileges*" (p. 219); and with a glorious stretch of audacity, or, perhaps, in this case, of ignorance, is even



compared with an institution which not only is utterly unlike it, but is its direct opposite—that of the Eastern caste, which our author takes the opportunity to denounce, *en passant*, as “the worst, the most malignant, the most disastrous spirit, which ever issued from the regions of perdition.”—(P. 6.)

We need not trouble the reader with demonstrating how utterly one half of all this destroys the other. The professed object of the book is to exalt the “People” over the “Aristocracy;” and the whole tendency of it is to show, that to make any distinction of the kind is impossible, and that the aristocracy is continually being renewed out of, and continually sinking into, the ranks of the people; that the people of one generation supply the aristocracy of another, and the aristocracy of one generation the people of another. Is it not rich to hear a man in the same breath ridiculing upstarts, and yet denouncing the pretensions of rank; proclaiming the immaculate virtues of “the people,” and yet filling a book with a list of the tyrannies, baseness, and crimes, committed by sons of the people; calling the aristocracy a corporation eight hundred years old, and the next minute proving that it is a mere mushroom growth of yesterday!

But the grandest and most sweeping instance of self-immolation remains to be noticed. Towards the end of the book, the author proposes to show what an infinitely superior thing the people is to the aristocracy; and “to put the matter,” as he says, “to the test of plain and literal fact,” he proposes to “take from, our annals the names of those who have been, in every track of knowledge or of life, the real builders and founders of the national glory, and see whence they spring;” and he then gives, in parallel columns, lists of great lawyers, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, great churchmen and religionists, poets, distinguished authors, &c., great commanders, and so forth, showing how many of these have been aristocrats, and how many sons of the people. And what do we learn from these lists? Why, this astonishing fact. That although England, with all its lands, legislature, and dependencies, the Crown, the State, the Army and Navy, the Church, &c. &c. are the possession of the aristocracy; yet, nevertheless, it has so happened that, since the Norman Conquest, all the successful lawyers, all the great statesmen, except six, all the “great Churchmen and religionists,” except one (namely, Lady Huntingdon!), all the great commanders, except two, have been simple Commoners!

The lists are rather queerly made out, to be sure; but let us take them as we find them, and is it possible to conceive a more complete

refutation of all the nonsensical declamation about the grasping, usurping, exclusive aristocracy, than this? If commoners can rise to the highest positions in the State, the Church, the Army, and Navy, not only concurrently with, but almost to the exclusion of, aristocrats, how on earth can you make out, Mr. Flammen, that the Aristocracy monopolize all these good things, and will not let the unfortunate but noble People have the least taste of them? Will it be believed, that in these lists (the author writing now with a different object from that which inspired him in the former part of his work) many personages are claimed on the people's side, who not only would come under some description of aristocracy as previously defined, but have actually been declaimed against and denounced *by name* elsewhere as utter aristocrats? Thus there is nearly a page (the forty-ninth) devoted to a description of the reckless extravagance of the *chancellor and aristocrat*, Thomas à Beckett; yet, at p. 314, we find him claimed for the *people* as a great Churchman! Bacon; Finch, lord Nottingham; Burleigh; Walsingham; Sir Robert Walpole, all figure in the body of the book as the very types of aristocratic baseness, tyranny, and corruption; and yet, inasmuch as they were great statesmen, it is discovered presently that they were but commoners, after all! Was there ever such impudent and yet shuffling dishonesty as this since the art of lying was first invented? One dirty little attempt to evade conviction on this charge (for, once or twice, some misgivings that his book might fall into honest hands seem to have crossed the Flammenian mind) we must notice and expose. In order to insure the *nominal* truth of his lists, he professes to distinguish, not between *aristocrats* and *people* but between *commoners* and *born lords*, though three-quarters of his commoners, in those careers which generally lead to titles and public honors, attained peerages before they died, and were, therefore, of course, included in the aristocracy, when it was necessary to shew that the aristocracy were “the possessors of everything in England.” We need hardly point out that, notwithstanding this verbal loophole, lords and commoners are meant to be equivalent to aristocracy and people in the effect produced by the comparison of the two classes,—else what argument does it supply at all?

We must mention one more circumstance connected with these precious catalogues. When engaged in ridiculing James I., and “the host of mushroom knights and nobles that he made during his reign,” our author classes *baronets*, as a matter of course, with the aristocracy. “He actually created a new

order of knights, called baronets. It does not reflect singular lustre on *this particular branch of the aristocracy* that they owe their existence as a titled class to this disgusting old fool," &c. This is at p. 110, but at p. 322 we find the following:—

It will be seen in these catalogues that there are specimens of a certain amphibious sort of animals, called *knights*, or *baronets*, who, though not acknowledged by the constitution as more than commoners, are by property, by a degree of rank, and often still more by association, birth, education, or interest, mixed up regularly with the aristocracy of the Upper House. I have been a *good deal puzzled* what to do with these intermediates,—on which side of the page to throw them. But when I came to see that, of these, the number who are born baronets, or even to the certainty of a baronetcy, is so very insignificant,—not, probably, making altogether half-a-dozen, I resolved to stand by the constitution, and *rank them with the people, out of whom the majority of them spring*: seeing, moreover, that the people in the bulk, and in the best sense, are all that portion of the population of this now civilized and educated country who are not bound up hand and foot with the Hospital of Incurables.

Is not this excellent? So far as they have faults, baronets belong to the aristocracy; so far as they have merits, to the people: and then this impudent piece of jugglery is coolly confessed and commented on in the tone of a man whose case is so strong that he can afford to make a liberal concession to his antagonist!

Shortness of space obliges us to be sparing in our collection of these "elegant extracts." In the few that we have made we have confined ourselves almost entirely to passages in which the writer has himself furnished the materials for his own exposure and condemnation. But it must not be imagined that these convey anything like an adequate idea of the real character of the book; indeed, we have more than once been tempted to lay down our pen from the feeling that it was impossible, within the limits that we can devote to such a subject, to do any justice to the work,—that it was impossible, by any words, however powerful, to generate, or to convey any conception of the mingled feelings of ridicule, scorn, and disgust, that a perusal of this infamous publication must excite in every honest man, whatever his party or political opinions.

We cannot, indeed, recommend our readers to buy the book and judge for themselves; but we can assure them, that unless they do so they must be content to rest with but a very imperfect notion of the extent to which audacious misrepresentation, dishonest insinuation, false reasoning, rant, cant, and willful perversity,

can be carried at the dictation of a malevolent and corrupted heart. One scarcely knows how to treat and how to deal with such a book; it is truly one at which the reader may, "as his nature prompts him, weep or smile." The absurdities provoke our laughter, the fallacies our contempt; but the cold-blooded malice, the perfectly demoniacal spirit of *ill-will* towards men, must excite graver and more painful feelings. The Tooley Street thunderer, hurling his penny crackers with the air of a Jupiter against the old monarchs of the forest,—the fearless patriot, telling King John to his teeth that he is a "contemptible and diabolical scoundrel," and giving Henry VIII. a piece of his mind, viz., that he is "a bloated load of corrupted carrion," regardless of the terrors of their racks and myrmidons,—the laborious historian and statist, discovering and propounding alternately things that everybody knew before and things that nobody ever knew, nor ever will, a series of mares-nests and pikestaffs,—all these are purely comic; but, on the other hand, to see a man deliberately devoting his thoughts for ten years, and his pen for six (as he himself tells us in his preface), to the task of creating envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, in one class of his fellow-countrymen against another,—to deceiving the ignorant, misdirecting the already excited passions of the unhappy, falsifying the lessons of history, and defiling his own soul by revelling in the free indulgence of the worst and meanest passions of humanity,—is surely a lamentable spectacle, and one at which the "angels" are much more likely to "blush," than even at the sight of a country in which Mr. John Hampden, junior, "stands in the eye of Heaven, shaking his chains."

Suppose some pampered son of luxury were to think proper to write, "The People of England; a History for the Aristocracy. By Strafford, jun.!" Suppose he were to show out of Hume and Smollett that all the unworthy favorites, corrupt ministers, grasping churchmen, bloody soldiers, "vultures," "drones," and "beasts of prey," that have disgraced the name of Englishman for the last seven or eight centuries, have sprung, either directly, or, at furthest, through a transition state of two or three generations, from the ranks of the *people*!—suppose he were to give long and glowing descriptions of the lawless ravages of Jack Cade and his followers, or prove that scarcely any of the middle and lower orders in King John's time could read or write, and deduce from all this the conclusion that the "aristocracy" ought to hate and despise the "people!"—suppose he were to make a list of all the crimes and follies committed by every commoner since

the Norman Conquest, taking care not to mention a single virtue, or a single good and noble action, of any member of the same class!—suppose he were to garnish all this with every abusive epithet, offensive metaphor, and degrading comparison, that the language provides!—it would not be difficult to make a book on such principles, and, indeed, very copious materials for its concoction might be drawn from Flammen's own pages; but what would be said or thought of such a production? Would it not be denounced as unfair, one-sided, unphilosophical, un-Christian, and altogether false, absurd, and inconclusive? Probably: but this might, at least, be said for it, that it is quite as fair, as Christianlike, as reasonable, as philosophical, and as much to the purpose, as *The Aristocracy of England, a History for the People*. By John Hampden, jun.

Sometimes, forgetting for a moment the real character of our author, and imagining him to be merely some blundering, puzzle-headed man, laboring under a sort of monomania, or, perhaps, mystified by some thundering speech that he has heard at the tavern over the way, we have caught ourselves breaking out into friendly expostulations, such as these,—“What on earth do you want, Mr. Flammen? What on earth have you written this book for? If you wanted to establish a state of society in which *nobody* should have power, *nobody* station, *nobody* property,—in which, in short, there should be no upper classes at all, we should not, indeed, have any great opinion of your wisdom, or of your chance of success; but we should, at least, be able to discover some sort of logical sequence in your arguments, and some object in your book. To show, historically, that the upper classes in all ages have been tyrants, knaves, thieves, and fools, *would* be a fair ground for contending that upper classes ought to be abolished *altogether*, if that were possible; but seeing that it is not, what does the demonstration prove, or what does it lead to, with reference to the upper classes of the present time? *Somebody*, we suppose, must be in power; *somebody* must be prime minister, lord-chancellor, commander-in-chief; the property in the country must belong to *somebody*; embassies, judgeships, and governorships, be held by *somebody*: and if so, what is the use, what is the object, of shewing that *other* ministers, *other* chancellors, *other* commanders, proprietors, ambassadors, judges, and governors, have been oppressive, or corrupt, or anything else that is bad, or anything else that is good, or saying a word about them? If you think that wealth and rank have more influence in this nation than they ought to have,

say so, and prove it; if you want the Charter, or Equal Taxation, or any other reform, reasonable or unreasonable, say so, and prove your case if you can;—you shall always have, at least, a respectful hearing: but, for Heaven's sake, drop this unworthy, unmanly, and utterly absurd piece of cant (for it is nothing more,) of talking of “the aristocracy” as an exclusive *corporation*, distinct from and banded against the people, and whose history can be traced apart from that of the people. It is false, unjust, and ridiculous. There is no aristocracy, in this sense, here in England, nor has there ever been.

But we soon remember that such remonstrances as these are but a waste of time. What is the use of talking of honesty and manliness, or of pointing out his errors of judgment, to such a man as Flammen? *He* is under no delusions; *he* is not deceived by the fallacies and falsehoods that he puts forth; *he* is no dreamer of “Icaries,” where all men are to be equal and all happy, and where there are to be no upper classes only because there are no middle and no lower. On the contrary, he wishes very ardently to see the broadest social distinctions, only not such as exist at present: the Hut is to be at the top, and the Castle at the bottom, that's all; there are to be Aristocracy and People just as much as before, only aristocracy is to consist of the right sort, “earth's best blood,” viz. Flammen and friends. In short, this writer is one of those unfortunate individuals, doubly unfortunate because they must suffer unpitied, to whom the sight of success, eminence, or happiness, is hateful: who can only envy where the good would emulate; who have no idea of raising themselves except by pulling others down; and who console themselves for the neglect, the misfortunes, and the friendlessness that they owe to their own vices, incompetence, or badness of heart, by railing at all those whom Providence has placed above them, and by endeavoring to make all their fellow-creatures as discontented, as wicked, and as miserable, as themselves.

Fraser's Magazine.

The Marquis of Bute, with praiseworthy liberality, has lent his noble collection of pictures for ten years to the Royal Scottish Academy. It is impossible to calculate the advantages which Scottish Art may derive from so considerate a loan. Scotland has not produced many artists of reputation; Wilkie and Raeburn are the only great names that we can call to mind in the past history of Scottish Art. Jameson and Ramsay and Runciman were very small men.



## A STEERAGE EMIGRANT'S JOURNAL.

*April 26.*—Left Cumberland Basin at seven o'clock, and passing by the Hotwells, gave three cheers to the multitude on the shore, which was returned by the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. Reached Kingroad, and came to anchor at ten. Printed articles read by the captain. Rules nailed up to the main-mast: no swearing allowed on board; no smoking below deck; no lights after ten o'clock; and no steerage passenger to go abaft the main-mast.

27.—Got under weigh. Most of us busy unpacking: pots, kettles, frying-pans, and the like, begin to show out; and a certain disorder, called sea-sickness, begins to show its nose. Fine pickle below. Very poor appetite myself. Pipe my only solace.

29.—Little boiling, toasting, or frying this morning. All down except four of us. Cook's galley free of access: the busy scene of cooking deferred till hungry appetites awake anew. A little doing in the gruel way. *Afternoon.*—More gruel in requisition.

30.—A poor little swallow picked up on the deck quite tired; by entreaties suffered to live. For dinner, partook of fried eggs and bacon; the first meal with a good appetite since on board. My provision-chest, lashed on deck, I scarcely dare open. I have apples, some good cheese, and butter; that is pretty generally known. "Pray, sir, when are you going to open your chest? I hear you have some nice cheese; should like to beg a bit." Another—"Have you any apples to spare? I hear yours is fine fruit." A third—"How I should like to taste your bacon! I am told it is the best on board." Many wet jackets to-day: much fun and pastime on board. I was soaked; but salt water, it is said, produces no cold. My pipe a cure for all. Now we go on gloriously, and are in the great and much-talked-of Atlantic. Most of the passengers alive again. A prayer-meeting held below, at which many engaged.

*May 1.*—In the course of this sail much tossing about; plates, dishes, and the like suffered wreck. Some alarm below: boxes and packages out of place; one tea-kettle, with hot water, showing off to the terror of some females; children crying; men busy replacing things. What a crowd! No place to call my own. Here is my corner, dark as one's pocket: four berths, with five inmates, close to my heels: in an angle sleeps the under-steward; then over me are two in a berth; then inside the partition,

arm's-length from me, is the fore-castle, where the sailors sleep. Two holes, cut for air, often admit water upon us, through the ship's heaving: and that is not all; here is the sailors' loud bawl changing watch, that dins in the ear, and jars and mars the little peace in shape of rest. Say nothing of being often heaved from side to side; and should the ship in the night take a fresh tack, then, to our discomfiture, heads are down and heels up. Then, after her bows, and next to us, is a farmer and his family. The old man is a Universalist and a preacher. His creed I hold not with, though his counsels often are savory. His daughter is agreeable; she is my pudding-maker. Next to these folks is an angle with four berths, filled with two young men, a married couple, a married and single woman, and a married man. Then follows one side of the ship in double rows like a street and store-houses—that is, from the fore to the main hatch—glutted with boxes and other packages; the boundaries marked out by some cumbersome article placed there. Overhead, as if for safety, are suspended beef, hams, and the like, with caps, bonnets, and twenty other articles. The walking way is reduced to a narrow zig-zag, ten inches at most. There lies somebody's bag to be trod on. "Who has had my map?" "Why, I just borrowed it; but my little boy has let it fall overboard." Water-jars and pitchers, with a tea-kettle or two, often form a group, lashed together for safety; but the annoyance of the ship sometimes disturbs their repose in the night, and makes them cry out; and the sufferer has a nose, a lip, or a body broken, to the no small tease of its owner.

2.—Passengers now pretty well; pots, kettles, and the like in requisition: two large fires and the cook's galley all full and crowded. To prevent accidents, a chain runs across and over the grate; but sometimes this wont do: there's a see-saw, then a capsize, and a scald perhaps follows. Much fun and pastime on deck; three fiddles, and some dancing. A stiff breeze; ship began to roll, and we soon danced to another tune.

4.—Orders for a general cleaning below. All hands mustered on deck. Much bustle and clatter. Great scrubbing and fumigation; lost some beer and cider on the occasion. Opened my chest: oranges spoiled; bread ditto; and plumcake spoiling. Pipes, and a dance to wind up.

5.—Hard squalls. Few ventured up.

With difficulty reached the cook's galley to light my pipe. Crawling back, saw a female sitting near the capstan. A wave was coming, nearly mast-high; I saw it before me, but could not evade it: held fast: like a deluge it poured in upon us. I turned round to see what became of the poor woman. She was washed to the other side, much frightened, and quickly removed below. Several came up to view the scene: paid for peeping; another mountain-wave laid them as flat as flounders. Little cooking to-day. Much grumbling among the women. One poor man I *did* pity. His wife complained that she and the children were hungry, and they must have dinner. "Here is the pan; come, go and cut some bacon, and I'll break some eggs in a basin." "Why, how unreasonable you are to suppose that I or any man can cook in this weather: I can't, nor won't. Give the children some bread and butter." "No I shan't; I will have some bacon fried; and I am sure you can do it if you like." Obedient-like, loaded with ham, eggs, and bacon, he proceeded to do his best; but on his way to the fire he was arrested, washed down, and returned to his wife (who had prepared and laid out the little table) with the frying-pan only. "There, I told you how it would be; but you would have your own way." She looked mighty sulky, but said nothing. Did not escape myself; the cook had got me some lobscouse in a tin pot, and I went below, thinking to have a good supper: placed it on a box for a table, and had not left it a minute, to get my spoon, when the ship rolled, and turned my junket upside down. I was hungrily disappointed, and got laughed at into the bargain.

6.—Still squally. Busy scene in the cook's galley. "I say, who has taken my kettle?" "I was here before you." "My pot shall go on; yours is hot." "I helped to light the fire, and will have my chance before you." "There's my wife, out of patience; I can't make it boil if it won't." In the middle of this squabbling in comes the water in hogsheds, and drowns out the whole. The old saying, "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip," often verified. You have your food within an inch of your mouth—comes a roll of the ship, and you are both off—the food one way, and you another. Sometimes, by way of security, I jammed myself between two boxes; but even this would not always do. Neighbors' tea-things suffered much; more borrowers than lenders; children crying; women scolding; men enjoying the joke.

10.—A shark passed us: bait thrown out, but no catch. Wedding on board: three bottles of brandy given away on the occasion.

Began my second ham; very good,\* but no bread. Upset some soup that was given me. Job verily would have complained had he been here. A sheep killed; mutton ninepence per pound.

12.—On deck to light my pipe. Hard work to reach a fire. Coming therefrom, met a good ducking. Wished I could not smoke: should save many a wet jacket. Much providing. Some broth overdone; some not done enough; and some not likely to be done at all. Glad I am out of the cooking at all events. General promenade among the women. Invited out to tea.

17.—Potatoes short on board; spared two pecks; was paid 1s. 6d. Here comes a little fellow who has been well all the voyage, and can run the deck while all else are glad of a friendly rope. They tell me it is often so with children. 'Twelve o'clock—the sailors' happy hour. At the cry of "Grog, ho!" from the steward, each man bottles a gill of rum; this, unless when there is extra allowance, is a day's quantum. For their food they have plenty of good boiled beef and pork every day; boiled peas and soup twice a-week; pudding once, and potatoes twice. Red herrings they call old soldiers, and chiefly eat them for breakfast.

20.—Bad news to-day: tobacco very scarce on board; my last morsel nearly in the pipe. This morning partook of some coffee-royal; which is brandy mixed in the boiling coffee, well sweetened. Butter sold on board at 1s. a pound; beer and cider 1s. a bottle; brandy 3s.; rum 2s.

22.—Spoke the "Sisters" from Sunderland to St. Johns. We were so near as to converse without the speaking-trumpet. To be an eyewitness, and close alongside of a ship in full sail, with every stitch of canvass out, was a real picture. In the afternoon the mate and four men in a boat sailed to an American fisherman about a mile off. Two bottles of rum and some pork were put on board, to exchange for cod-fish. In about an hour they returned loaded. There was quite a rage on board for fresh fish, and the captain was willing enough to sell it. Frying-pans, pots, and the like, in active requisition; all hands busy washing, cleaning, cutting up, dressing, or eating their fish: it was truly a bustling time. When they were satisfied, they began to recollect that it cost three-pence a pound, and to complain that it was dear. Asked by several, "Did not you buy any?" "Thank you, no—I am not partial to fish, particularly when it costs three-pence a pound."

23.—Smoking out of fashion: good reason, no tobacco on board; a famine quite; a few pounds would be worth something just now.

24.—Fine weather ; enjoyed my meals ; but no tobacco.

26.—Very stormy ; little doing ; a solitary individual was seen holding on his kettle for boiling, at the risk of being swilled ; got a complete turn upside down ; much laughter as he crawled below. Found some tobacco unexpectedly ; considerable pleasure therein.

June 2.—Good water scarce ; much complaining ; plenty in the hold, but not to be got at. Few pots boiling ; long faces and short dinners. *Mem.*—Potatoes boiled in salt water with the rinds on ; ate good ; but bad if pared—a secret worth knowing. Fresh meat, and pudding good, boiled in half-salt water. *Half-past four.*—Land seen from the mast-head : much joy and rejoicing ; drank my last bottle of beer ; most of us had a peep through a glass. At ten, made out a beacon, and the sailors had an extra allowance of grog. At eleven, went below for a little rest ; made up my bed for the last time, and wished for the morrow. Pleasant to find you have crossed the Atlantic without accident.

3.—Glorious morning ! To the right is Long Island ; to the left is Jersey State. What a fine country ! Here at last is America. Yonder is Sandy Hook, with a lighthouse. What neat wooden cots by the water's edge ! Observe those forests of trees, with a house here and there, peeping through the foliage. The sight now before us compensates for all our toil and trouble ; it is worth coming to see, if to return immediately back again. *Three o'clock.*—Reporter came on board for papers and clean bill of health ; many questions asked him ; but the principal one was—"Had he or his man any tobacco ?" "No luck about the house," and the disappointment great. He left us at four, hoisting up signals to telegraph our arrival. Thirty miles from New York, and reckoned the news would reach in nine minutes. *Six o'clock.*—Pilot stepped on board ; numerous

questions asked ; tobacco not forgotten ; and the negative proved a laugh against some of us. Shortly after the newsman came for letters, papers, &c. ; but no tobacco. Names called over, and one dollar twenty cents each had to pay the captain for hospital money and custom dues : children same price.

4.—Up on deck by four in the morning. Arrived opposite Staten Island. What a number of windows the houses have ! No tax, as in England. At seven, reached what is called the quarantine ground ; can proceed no farther without being examined by the doctor. Two sail near us under quarantine : afraid we shall add to the proscribed list, for one of our cabin passengers is ill. Just saw the doctor, who says he will be well enough to pass. All right. *Eight o'clock.*—All hands ordered on deck : signal hoisted for the hospital doctor. Two men came on board ; these were custom-house officers. Then the doctor. Each passenger's name was called over, and every one had to pass in review before him. Then all below was examined ; and the ship being pronounced healthy, was permitted to pass. The passing and repassing of steamboats enliven the scene. Almost all are on deck : the women and children much diverted with seeing the fishes play.

5.—Most on board providing their last meal. Biscuits by wholesale trod under foot. My kit sold to the captain for two shillings and fourpence. Near upon half-past eleven our ship took her station at what is called Elephant Wharf. Carmen, visitors, and inquirers stepped on board ; and at the end of forty days, once more I trod on *terra firma*, quite well, grown much stouter, and in full health during all the voyage. Repaired to an eating-house ; dined off various dishes, including green peas, and paid a shilling. Considered this not a bad specimen of America, and looked forward to days of comfort.

*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

#### DASEE LEWELLYN'S WISH.

"Oh, father ! how delightful it would be if you were an outlaw, or a rebel, or something of that sort ; then I might be like Ellen in the Lady of the Lake : there would be danger and excitement, and daily sacrifices to make for you ! Nay, if you were but an old blind harper, papa, I would be content ! Leading you over the hills, as in the olden days of chivalry ; in lighted halls and Beauty's bowers to be welcomed everywhere."

Such was the observation made one day by young Dasee Lewellyn, the daughter of a Welsh squire, and my very intimate though eccentric friend—a compound, as I sometimes thought her, of Die Vernon and Anne of Geierstein. I was at the time on a visit to Swan Pool, the picturesque residence of Squire Lewellyn, and though Dasee had often amused me with her flashes of sentiment, I felt that



her present wish to see her father either a rebel or a beggar was rather *too* romantic.

"Thank you, my darling; I am much obliged to you," said the squire; "but as we are already welcomed by our neighbors most heartily, whenever we go amongst them, I much prefer the convenience of a comfortable carriage, with the inestimable blessing of eyesight, to toiling on foot afflicted and wayworn."

"But," vehemently urged his daughter, "then we should be welcomed for the sake of genius and the love of art; now it is because you are the Squire of Swan Pool, and I your heiress, and that we give good dinners in return, and a ball at Christmas!"

"Don't talk any more nonsense, Dasee," answered her father, impatiently. "I like sentiment well enough, but not sentiment run mad, as yours seems to be. Why don't you take a lesson in common sense from your friend, Miss — there;" pointing to me as he said so. "However, we need not say any more about that just now. So come and kiss me, like a good, sensible girl, and tell me what you think of Mr. Smith, our new pastor?"

"Why," said the 'good, sensible girl,' "he is a great deal too fat and ruddy for a clergyman, and too young and happy-looking. What with his commonplace name, and commonplace appearance, I can't bear him."

"But, my dear," added Dame Winny, the squire's sister and housekeeper, "a good young pastor, well and conscientiously performing his manifold duties, *ought* to look happy, if a quiet conscience and peace of mind can give happiness; and as to being ruddy and robust, what fault is that of his? I am sure he is a most excellent young man, and we are very fortunate in having such a successor to our lamented Mr. Morgan."

"I should think we were much more fortunate," saucily rejoined the foolish, heedless Dasee, "if Mr. Smith had been a Mr. anything else, and a pale, interesting, miserable-looking person, whom it would have made me weep to listen to, thinking of the sad tale that doubtless formed his history!"

"Right glad should I be if he had a tale to tell *thee*, thou foolish Dasee!" said the fond father. "But if thou art so full of folly, depend upon it that Mr. Smith will never think of thee."

"Mr. Smith think of *me* indeed!" indignantly exclaimed the heiress: "I would not have him, even if he grew pale, and thin, and elegant tomorrow!"

On my *second* visit to Swan Pool, Dasee herself reminded me of these words, and also of the following incident, which took place in the churchyard:—

This burial-ground was situated on a hillside facing the lake; ancient trees spread their branches above the grassy mounds, many of which were ornamented with beautiful flowering plants, placed there by the hand of affection, and carefully tended, for the Welsh peasant attaches peculiar interest to these sweet memorials of the departed. It was evening time, and all was hushed around as Dasee Lewellyn and myself sat down to rest on a projecting stone. A woman, clad in mourning garb, entered the churchyard, and, not seeing us, presently knelt down by the side of a newly-made grave, on which the flowers, but lately planted, were struggling to regain elasticity and strength. We saw her tie them up, and pluck off the faded leaves; we heard her deep sobs, and her fervent ejaculations reached our ears. Dasee was very pale, silent, and thoughtful, looking on the mourner with deep interest and absorbing attention; and when at length the poor woman left the burial-place, she arose and sought the new-made grave, with clasped hands and an earnest manner, softly exclaiming, "Oh I wish that I too had a grave to tend!"

Admonition, warning, or reproof was alike useless. We silently left the spot, nor exchanged a word till within the warm cheerful rooms of the old house once more. We found the squire and Dame Winny busily engaged with a disputation at cribbage; but I fancied I guessed Dasee's feelings as she sprang into the arms of these dear ones, embracing them again and again with unwonted demonstrations of affection even for her, warm and affectionate as she ever was. Her heart perhaps smote her, but the idle words could not be recalled.

Our sojourn in the pleasant Welsh valley at length terminated; and many years passed away, bringing changes to us all, while still at intervals of time we continued to receive tidings of our valued friends at Swan Pool.

Dasee's letters were piquant and artless productions, but affording subjects for serious contemplation, as marking the gradual change of disposition, wrought by time, change of circumstances, and the development of feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

With heartfelt sorrow we heard from Dame Winny of the worthy squire's affliction—namely, that he had become a palsied, sightless old man. But then Dame Winny spoke of "Niece Dasee's beautiful demeanor and dutiful love towards her father;" and we shrewdly opined also that the reverend gentleman of "the ruddy countenance and odious name" was beginning to find favor with the heiress. She herself wrote to us of his many amiable qualities, of his assiduous attentions towards her poor father, who, from his past habits and

pursuits, most bitterly felt his present deplorable condition, so that, when the final news reached us of her princely patronymic being lost for ever in the commonplace one of "Smith," we were not much astonished.

After this event our correspondence became irregular. Our wanderings, vicissitudes, and sorrows, and her increasing family, accounted for this; while dear Dame Winny had so much upon her hands, so many calls on her time and attention, that writing, which had always been a laborious task to her, now became an almost impossible one.

Destiny, however, conducted us once more to Lewellyn's home; and at the period of our second visit to Swan Pool, when we gained the summit of the hill, and gazed down on the valley beneath, it might have seemed as if the summer-time of our first visit had come again, only that the summer of the heart had departed, and many wintry blasts impressed reality too vividly for fancy to hold its sway. All was unchanged without: there reposed the sparkling lake, over which Dasee used to skim in her fairy shallop, the ancient trees, the mountains, the old house, and the church spire rising amidst the dark foliage; all were there as in the days of yore! As we passed the burial-ground on the hillside, an impulse which I could not resist impelled me to alight and to enter the sacred precincts alone. How many new graves there were; how many brilliant flowers clustering around them, as the last rays of the setting sun illuminated the rainbow tints; thus telling of glory for the departed, and whispering hope to the survivors, seeming to say, "I shall rise again to-morrow; the flowers will bloom another and another summer; and the inmates of these quiet graves are not dead, but sleeping!"

I was aroused from a deep reverie into which I had fallen by the soft sound of infancy's sweet engaging prattle; and on looking up, I saw a portly lady with two fair children standing beside two little grassy mounds, and answering their questions in an earnest, impressive, and tender manner. That voice—I knew it at once! But how could I recognize the identity of the sedate and portly matron, the anxious nursing mother, and the wild, giddy, aerial sylph of the mountain-side? But it was Dasee herself, and she smiled when I called her "*Mrs. Smith*;" and the tears came into her eyes as we spoke of her numerous offspring: then I knew her again; for the smile was the saucy smile of yore, and the eyes wore the same touching and gentle expression which so often in girlhood had given promise of better things.

The little children intently watched our

movements; their prattle ceased; and they looked awed, holding by their mother's hands with trustful love, as she pointed to the graves beside her, turning towards me a glance which I well understood, for the same remembrance flashed simultaneously on our minds. "You do not forget; ah! I see you do not," she whispered, "those thoughtless words once spoken here, when I heedlessly exclaimed, 'I wish that I too had a grave to tend!' *Am I not answered?* For here sleeps my first-born, and by his side a golden-haired cherub babe—a second Dasee!" She meekly bowed her head; and silence was the only and the best sympathy I could offer as we slowly approached the old gabled house—the beloved home of her early years, the scene of so many wild exploits. I have said that *without* all remained unchanged; *within*, the same, but oh, how altered!

The white-headed squire was gently led about, not by his daughter—she had other pressing duties to attend to—but by his granddaughter, Winny Smith; and if Winny Smith's papa had been fat and ruddy on our former visit to Swan Pool, what was he *now*!—while of his hilarity and happiness there could be no doubt: it was perfectly heartfelt and decided. Dame Winny, too, was as active, as kind, as fidgetty, and talkative as ever; but withered and shrunken, and slightly deaf (only *slightly* she said;) going about with a tall silver-headed stick, stumping loudly up and down the stairs and passages, ever giving warning of the dear old lady's approach unknown to herself.

There were so many tiny Smiths running about, that it seemed unlikely there was any real danger of their being individually spoiled by grandpapa or Aunt Winny. We observed that they all wore black sashes, and that Dasee also was attired in mourning, thus giving notice of a recent loss; we found, on inquiry, that she had not long buried the second child she had lost: her eldest born, a promising boy of seven years old, had been taken from her a few years previously, and she had mourned his loss nearly to the death; but this last bereavement found the mother calm and resigned, prepared to render back the priceless treasure unto Him who gave it.

Many visits in company together Dasee and myself paid to the burial-ground on the hillside, with her pretty children frolicking around us; and I believe, were the usual tenor of our conversations analysed, and the pith of the matter extracted, the condensation would be comprised in a small space, the following quotation of a few words amply expressing our voluminous reminiscences—"Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school-fees are heavy." *Chambers' Edinburgh Jour.*

## LIFE IN THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS."

No part of the world appears better adapted than the wilds of Southern Africa, to the erratic and adventurous life of the keen and daring sportsman, or of the real lover of Nature in her most pristine and unadorned garb. The mildness and salubrity of the climate in this part of the world—which renders the wanderer over its boundless "karoos," vast, ocean-like, undulating prairies, high and extensive table-lands, or amidst the recesses of its dense jungles—perfectly independent of house or home; where the shelter of his waggon, of a small patrol-tent carried on a sumpter-horse; of his boat-cloak, or even that of the "bush;" answering every purpose of the kind—generally contribute to render a roving, gipsy sort of life, amidst these wild and primitive regions, one of never-failing zest and enjoyment.

On the first occupation of the southernmost part of Africa by the Dutch, in the middle of the seventeenth century, probably no region of the globe, either before or since, ever presented such a promising field for the votaries of the chase. The animal creation—birds, fishes, and beasts—still unfettered and unawed by the dominion of man, not only in vast numbers overran its virgin soil, but in some instances—as with the elephant and lion—by their numbers or fierceness, caused the savage inhabitants of the land to fly in terror before them, and remained thus in undisputed possession of their favorite haunts.

The western coast, from Saldanha Bay to the "Cape of Storms," was, at certain seasons of the year, so much resorted to by countless tribes of aquatic birds, that the atmosphere was sometimes literally darkened by their locust flights; whilst every creek and inlet swarmed with innumerable quantities of the finny tribes. Huge whales then gambolled in the waters of Table Bay; ravenous sharks were in days of yore, as at the present time, not its unfrequent visitors; the sea-lion sometimes sported his ungainly form on the sands; and Robben Island was thus named by the Dutch, in consequence of the number of seals which might constantly, in those good old times, be seen basking on its bleak and barren shores; whilst Van Riebeck, the founder of the settlement, and first Governor of the Cape, quaintly informs us in his journal, of the number of times he cast the "seine," and of the immense quantities of fish he thereby procured for the refreshment of the

disabled, weary, and wave-worn followers of his enterprising expedition.

Kolben states that, even in his day (about 1705,) "ostriches were so numerous in the Cape Countries, that a man can hardly walk a quarter of an hour any way in those countries without seeing one or more of these birds;" and the same author bears witness to the abundance of large game in the immediate vicinity of the settlement.

The eland, the koudou, and many other species of antelope, are said in those days to have frequented the foot of Table Mountain; and although no mention is made of the giraffe; zebras and quaggas (called by the old Dutch colonists "wild horses") were occasionally brought in by their Hottentot allies. The wild buffalo revelled, almost in sight of the "capital," amidst those marshes which still exist between Constantia and Muisenberg; the unwieldy rhinoceros wallowed there, to his heart's content in the mire; troops of elephants roamed unmolested amidst the tall forests (long since levelled to the ground) and sedgy swamps of Hout Bay; whilst lions, wolves, and tigers\* are described to have been in such numbers as to become a subject of serious annoyance to Van Riebeck, who complains that they not only carried off cattle under the very eyes of the sentinels, but that on some occasions they seemed inclined to "take the fort by storm." This happened shortly after the arrival of the first Dutch settlers at the Cape; but Kolben relates that in his time—more than half a century after the above occurrence—"a sentinel, standing at his post before his officers' tent, was knocked down by a lion, and carried clean off."

The above author, after adverting to the great dexterity displayed by the Hottentots of that period in the use of the "hassagaye" and "rackamstick," gives the following account, which may not prove uninteresting, of their mode of hunting:—

"When all the men of a *kraal* are out upon the chase, and discover a wild beast of any considerable size, strength, and fierceness, they divide themselves into several parties, and endeavor to surround the beast, which, through

\* The hyæna is, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, generally known as the "wolf." In like manner, the leopard is miscalled a "tiger," though the latter has never been known to exist in that country.



their nimbleness of foot, they generally do very quickly; though upon the sight of such danger, the beast, of whatsoever kind, always betakes himself to all his shifts and to all his heels.

"When a lion, tiger, or leopard is thus encompassed, they attack him with *hassagayes* and arrows. With flaming eyes and the wildest rage, the creature flies upon the Hottentots who threw them. He is nimble; they are nimbler, and avoid him with astonishing dexterity, till they are relieved by others of the ring, who, plying him with fresh arrows and *hassagayes*, bring him in all his fury upon themselves. He leaps towards one, so quick, and, as you would think, with so sure a paw, that you shudder for the fellow, expecting to see him in an instant torn all to pieces. But you see no such thing. The fellow in danger leaps out of it in the twinkling of an eye, and the beast spends all his rage upon the ground. He turns, and leaps towards another, and another, and another; but still in vain. The nimble fellows avoid him with the quickness of thought, and still he fights only with the air. All this time the arrows and *hassagayes* are showering upon him in the rear.

"He grows mad with pain; and, leaping from one party to another of his enemies, and tumbling from time to time on the ground, to break the arrows and *hassagayes* that are fastened in him, he foams, yells, and roars all the time very terribly. There is certainly nothing so admirable of the kind in any other part of the world, as the activity and address of the Hottentots on these occasions. On one side they escape the paws of the beast with incredible dexterity, and on the other relieve one another with incredible speed and resolution. The Hottentots engaging with a lion, tiger, or leopard, &c., in this manner, is a spectacle that cannot be seen without the highest admiration but by such as are more stupid than some have represented the Hottentots. If the beast is not quickly slain, he is quickly convinced there is no dealing with so nimble an enemy; and then he makes off with his heels, and having by this time a multitude perhaps of poisoned arrows and *hassagayes* upon his back, the Hottentots let him go very freely, and follow him at a little distance. The poison quickly seizes him, and he runs not far before he falls."

With all their dexterity in the pursuits of the chase, such was the natural indolence of the savage inhabitants of the Cape, that it was only when roused to exertion by the depredations of wild beasts on their folds, or driven thereto by the imperious calls of hunger, that they could be brought to follow up the—to them—toilsome occupation of hunting; for, as Kolben remarks, "Although very fond of venison, the Hottentots are still more fond of their ease;" thus accounting for the abundance of game of every description found in this part of the world on the first arrival of the Dutch, whose fire-arms had, however, the effect of thinning its numbers, much more effectually than either the poisoned arrows, rackam-

sticks, or assegais of the natives. As the white man advanced into the interior of the country, building, clearing, and cultivating, in his onward progress, its former sylvan denizens either fell beneath the mighty "roars" \* of the invader, or fled beyond his reach across the far desert "karoos;" till, in the course of time, the western provinces of the Cape became completely denuded of the larger animals of the chase; and at the present day, the sportsman, ambitious of bearing off "Ne-mean" spoils, is fain to cross the Great Orange River to the north, or explore the forests of Natal towards the east, ere he stand a chance of encountering the lordly lion, the elephant, rhinoceros, or hippopotamus.

The Kaffirs of more recent times, fully as dexterous in the chase as the Hottentots of old, and as indefatigable in that pursuit as the latter were supine, have to the eastward, effected what the boers long since accomplished towards the north, in the extirpation of nearly every description of game. To indulge, therefore, in the once-vaunted field-sports of southern Africa, their votary is now forced to tread in the far footsteps of Harris and Methuen; to follow in their more recent and even more remote peregrinations, those of Christie and Arkwright; or of that daring "lion-slayer"—the Hercules and Theseus of Southern Africa—the far-famed and adventurous Cumming.

A shooting expedition into the interior, at the present time, owing to the great distance to be gone over, together with the slow and cumbrous mode of wagon conveyance, has become, not an enterprise of days and weeks, but an undertaking of months; and one moreover attended with great trouble and expense.

The wagon, destined so long to form the home of the aspiring sportsman, has, like a vessel bound for a distant part of the world, to be supplied with every requisite for a twelve month's voyage; bedding, liquors, stores, lead, powder, and shot, are to be laid in; spare horses and oxen in great numbers must be provided, to replace losses by accidents, death, and other contingencies; and what is more difficult to procure than all, a certain number of native attendants are absolutely requisite—men who have been accustomed to a life in the "bush," and whose fidelity may be, moreover, depended on.

Thus prepared for his expedition, the sporting or exploring traveller, whose starting place is usually from Graham's Town, on the eastern frontier, turns his back on civilization, and plunges into the wilderness; there to enter on a life of excitement and adventure, though,

\* A heavy gun of great calibre, in common use among the Dutch boers at the Cape.

it must not be concealed, one usually attended with great privations and discomfort.

Such is the usual mode of undertaking a journey into the interior of Southern Africa; and though the "trek" wagon may possess many advantages where celerity is no object, it strikes me that one of these distant expeditions could be undertaken, with a great saving of time, and consequently, much more chance of success, were the traveller unencumbered by the great and constant drawback of wheeled carriages, to depend entirely on horses for the transport of himself, his attendants, and such requisites as he absolutely required.

During the last Kaffir war, the nature of my duties frequently obliged me rapidly to travel considerable distances for many consecutive days; and these long journeys were always easily accomplished with the hardy little horses of the country, than which no animal is more enduring, requires less care, and can stand without detriment greater privations and fatigue. On these occasions, my usual retinue consisted of a mounted Cape-corps Orderly, to serve as guide, and a Hottentot lad, to lead a sumpter horse, carrying a small waterproof patrol-tent (weighing about twenty-five pounds) and a change of linen, together with a few provisions. Thus equipped and attended, I used to get over the ground, when requisite, at the rate of forty and fifty—nay, even on a push, sixty—miles a day; and this (unless water were scarce) without much distress either to man or beast.

The constant excitement attending such a mode of life—particularly when in an enemy's country, and that enemy a most wily savage, to guard against surprise from whom, one must be ever on the *qui vive*—is of a nature so stirring as not to be easily pictured by the quiet, fire-side reader at home. At one time cantering gaily forward in the dewy coolness of the young morn, on a fresh, untired horse, over the undulating and verdant prairies of Kaffirland, here and there, park-like, dotted with bright flowering shrubs of the thorny mimosa; now anxiously scanning the smoke ascending from an enemy's "kraal,"\* ensconced in the deep recesses of a wooded kloof; then marking a Kaffir's "spoor" on the soft, moist, and stoneless path, noting the stealthy footsteps of the jackall or hyæna, returning at break of day from his midnight feast, or the recent track of a herd of (probably stolen) cattle, whose progress may have disturbed the dew-bespangled grass, and so betrayed the direction of their course.

\* A word derived from the South American term "corral," meaning an assemblage of native huts, and also applied to the thorny enclosure in which they secure their cattle for the night.

Thus did we oft accomplish the earlier part of our "trek;"† but the sun now rides high in the bright, unclouded heavens; the Hottentots look anxiously around for the well-known "vlei;"‡ but alas! on reaching the long-expected spot, instead of the wished-for water, rippling under the breeze, naught presents itself to our aching sight save a brown, cracked surface of dry and hardened mud! The panting steeds have already gone over some twenty or thirty miles of ground: heaving flanks and drooping heads now bear witness to their toil. Mr. Jacob, (for our faithful esquire rejoices in that patriarchal name), looks anxiously about, scratches his woolly head, and appears fairly at his wit's end. "Farley," the Cape-corps Orderly (likewise of "Totty" breed) proposes to off saddle, and try on our nags the effect of half-an-hour's graze. Although they refuse to feed, they instantly roll on the grass, and appear thence to imbibe renewed spirit and vigor. "Saddle up!" is the word. We are again on horseback; but ere we can raise a canter, the spur is sadly in request. Mr. Jacob's horse now begins to show increasing and unequivocal symptoms of distress: he is, in fact, dead beat, and, stumbling at every step, at last falls upon his nose. Jacob shoots over his head, but is on his legs again in a second.

"Is the rifle smashed?"

"No, sar; but horse never can carry me more far; and pack-horse getting 'shut up', too."

"You must, then, just walk, and drive them on before you. Farley, how far are we still from any water?"

The facility with which the Hottentot can track his way over the wildest wastes, through the intricacies of the deepest bush, by the light of day, or during the darkness of night, is quite proverbial, and amounts to a sort of natural instinct, which they appear to possess in common with some of the brute creation.

Possessed of the acutest powers of vision, the smallest land-mark serves him as an unerring guide. With like facility he will, for miles and miles, track the "spoor" or footsteps of either man or beast: place him once on the "trail," and no bloodhound can follow it up more accurately by scent, than the Totty will do by sight. A single blade of grass removed from its original direction—the slightest appearance of moisture left by the displacement of the smallest pebble—a ruffled leaf on the bush—are all sufficient evidences to direct him in discovering the spoor; by the appearance of

† A colonial term. To "trek" (pronounced *track*) means to travel.

‡ A pool of water; generally speaking, formed by the rain.

which, he will not only be able to tell whether the object of his pursuit has passed within three minutes or three days, but likewise whether his flight has been precipitate or slow—whether he has moved with the confidence of strength, or that dread of detection inseparable from fear, weakness, or guilt.

It is this wonderful and peculiar faculty which renders the services of the Cape Mounted Rifles, composed nearly exclusively of Hottentots, so invaluable on the frontier, in tracing Kaffirs and stolen cattle across the border; and to Captain—, of that corps, I was indebted for a permanent Orderly, endowed to an extraordinary degree with this inherent qualification of his race, and possessing, moreover, the useful accomplishment of speaking very tolerable English.\*

Farley—the man in question—appeared familiar with every inch of ground we traversed together, from Graham's Town to the Buffalo, from the Fish River mouth to the Winterberg Mountains. He knew every path through the bush, every "drift" across the rivers, every "vlei," or pool of water; could distinguish the spoor of a Kaffir from that of a Fingoe; could point out the haunts of the former, how to discover or avoid them; in short, was always, during my erratic career in Kaffirland, my right-hand man, the very guiding-staff of my footsteps, until drunkenness—the besetting sin of the Hottentot—dashed that staff to the ground.

"Farley, how far are we still from water?" asked I, whilst Mr. Jacob was wiping the dust off his horse's knees.

"Perhaps, sar, we find in two hours, or two hours and a half, if horses don't 'shut up;' but vleis all dry: must go to river, through the bush."

Through the Great Fish River Bush, along an apparently little-frequented track, with which Farley, however, seemed quite familiar, we accordingly wend our weary way; but the dense jungle which on each side borders the path, whilst depriving us of the refreshing breeze, affords no protection against the fierce rays of the African summer sun, now pouring all its vertical heat on our devoted heads.

There is something unearthly in the total absence of animal life; in the hushed, dreamy, and death-like silence which generally pervades the verdant wilderness of the South African "bush," where even the whispering breeze finds no responsive echo amidst the unbending rigidity of its thorny and lichen-covered shrubs, thickly intermingled as they are

with turgid, succulent, and fantastic foliage; the stunted aloe and skeleton euphorbia, contending for dominion with the favorite food of the elephant—the pink-blossomed "speck-boom," oft covered with ivy geranium, and, like shining wax-work, brightly glistening, immovable, and undrooping, under the fiery glance of the noon-day sun. The plaintive note of a dove, sometimes—but rarely—breaks on the stillness around, serving but to add to the melancholy of his unbroken and silent solitude.

Oft, painfully and slowly, did we thus toil along amidst such scenes, time apparently keeping pace with our jaded animals; and in this defenceless state, incapable of either resistance or flight, would we ever and anon glance apprehensively around, when the slightest rustling in the bush led us next second to expect the war-cry of the savage or the whizzing of an assegai.

The sun's slanting rays, and a less fiery heat, now betoken the decline of day. We gradually enter a deep defile, whose abrupt and rugged sides, thickly clothed with euphorbias, red-blossomed aloes—with prickly cactus—and milky, snake-like creeping plants of various kinds—throw a grateful shadow around us. Our wearied horses suddenly and instinctively prick their ears, and simultaneously quicken their pace.

"The River," says Farley, in a whisper, "runs under yon 'krantz;'† but Kaffirs may be near, so must keep quiet."

We silently, but with redoubled speed, again push forward on our course, and at last reach, as we hope, the banks of the stream.

Alas! it has ceased to flow, and dried up from long want of rain, its bed presents nought save a barren and rocky ravine. Sickened at this disheartening sight, I turn to my guide in the silence of despair. His brow, however, is unruffled. With an encouraging sign, he follows the former course of the river; and oh, joyful sight! in its rugged depths, a few dark, deep, shaded pools are shortly discovered, slumbering as it were, through this season of universal drought. Gladdened by the welcome sight, we rush on in eager haste towards the spot, and disturb by our approach numbers of fresh-water turtle, which instantly creep for shelter beneath the dark, deep, still, and sullen waters; whilst a large guano glides off yon overhanging withered branch, from which he appeared to be contemplating his reflected image in the liquid mirror below. With difficulty we restrain our horses from rushing into the gulf; but their heads are at once impatiently immersed nearly to the eyes in the re-

\* The Hottentots have entirely forgotten the language of their forefathers, and Dutch is now their vernacular idiom.

† Wooded craig or cliff.



freshing element. Long and deeply do they drink—breathe for a second, and again repeat the draught. Having “off-saddled” on the grassy margin of the pool, they instantly roll, are next “knee-haltered,” and soon contentedly browsing the green herbage around—fortunately plentiful near this favored spot, thickly shadowed by drooping willows and feathery acacias, from whose pendent branches the little “bayah” bird hangs its aerial nest, which waves aloft o’er the gorgeous crown lily, and beds of miniature, palm-like reeds.

The horses being thus provided for, we have now leisure to attend to our own immediate wants. Cooking is out of the question; for the light of a fire might betray us to any straggling party of Kaffirs. However, our wallets contain abundance of biscuits and cold meat; these seasoned with a little salt and a keen appetite, form a most luxurious repast, which is washed down with the contents of the brandy-flask, properly diluted with water from the pool.

Fat aldermen and luxurious cits! such a repast in the “bush,” earned by a long day of toil and travel, is, to the weary wanderer, worth all your costly banquets and civic feasts.

But hark! what strange, unearthly yells suddenly burst forth from yon covert of fantastic plants, crowning the tall gray “kraantz,” now casting its darkening shadows o’er the scene! Under the impression of being beset either by a legion of fiends, or a host of Kaffirs, the ready rifle is instantly grasped; yet the “Toties” show no symptom of alarm, and to an inquiring look, Jacob answers, with a smile—

“Only baviens: them play on the kraantz. Look, sar! there go de bass, de vrouw, and all piccaninni” (man, wife, and children,) adds he, pointing to some enormous baboons, gambolling, satyr-like, along a bare, precipitous ledge of overhanging rock.

The barrel is raised—a finger itches to press the trigger; but prudence and a sign of disapprobation from Farley, avert the tempting shot. The brief twilight of this southern clime has already waxed into complete dark-

ness. The horses are secured for the night; and now, rolled up in our sheep skins or boat cloaks, the unerring rifles placed in readiness by our side, with our saddles for a pillow, and protected by the friendly shelter of a thick bush, we gladly consign ourselves to rest.

Slumber, after a hard day’s toil, seldom requires either courtship or cushions of down. Hours have, perchance, fled unheeded in uninterrupted repose, when a snort and a shuffling noise amongst the horses startle us from our rest, and proclaim some invisible, but, though unseen, evident cause of alarm. In breathless suspense we listen for a while, when suddenly the cry of the hyaena bursts, as it were in mockery, on the solemn silence of the surrounding wastes. Now approaching, now receding, it is at last lost in those hushed, nameless, and indescribable sounds which oft float on the stillness of night, amidst the otherwise unbroken quietude of the wilderness—sounds not to be described, and only understood by such as may have experienced their sad, mournful, yet soothing melody.

The period of sleep has now passed away, for as we watch the stars gliding through the blue firmament of heaven, one by one, they gradually melt into the gray mists of early dawn. We spring up from our grassy couch, shake the dew-drops from off our cloaks, give the horses a scanty feed of corn, then “saddle up,” and start again in quest of new scenes, and fresh adventures.

The above is a specimen of “life in the bush;” nor is it matter of surprise, if, amidst the comforts—though rather monotonous state of civilization—we ever recall its recollections with pleasure, not unmingled with regret, that such a stirring existence may perchance never again fall to our lot.

Alas! when was man ever philosopher enough to enjoy with gratitude the blessings of the present, and not wish for a change? when will he be satisfied with his actual fate, nor sigh for what is not within his grasp?—*Sporting Magazine*.

#### LIBRARY STATISTICS.

An article in the August part of the “Journal of the Statistical Society of London” gives a view of the principal public libraries in Europe and the United States. The information conveyed by its figures is curious and important; but not so, we think, as even a “sub-

sidiary element” (according to the compiler’s notion) of the educational condition of the states referred to. The people have rarely anything to do, at least in a direct manner, with the national libraries; that of the British Museum, for instance, existing solely for the ben-

effit of the few scores of literary persons in London who resort to it. In like manner, the collections of pictures in the houses of our nobility and gentry give no indication of the state of art among the people; although the degree of liberality with which these galleries are exhibited may influence to some little extent the progress of popular taste.

England is not famous for liberality either in literature or art. We debate eagerly about education, and vie with each other in the unreserve of our confession of its importance: but after all there is more ery than wool. Knowledge is admitted to be a great and universal good; but we guard its avenues with the most jealous restrictions. Even the common highway of the alphabet must be approached only on certain onerous conditions; and the libraries said to belong to the nation are carefully locked up from their owners. This inconsistency prevails less upon the continent, where, generally speaking, the people are permitted to look at the monuments they have reared, and the collections of art they have made and to read the books they have purchased. All the national libraries of Paris, for instance, with the exception of that of the Arsenal, are lending libraries, and so likewise are those of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Dresden, Wolfenbittel, Milan, Naples, Brussels, the Hague, and Parma. Besides the great public libraries of the capital, there are public libraries of considerable extent in most of the large provincial towns in France, and to these valuable works are occasionally sent at the expense of the nation. In our own country there is nothing of this sort, if we exclude a few favored libraries; and what is even the favor in this latter case but the liberty of robbing publishers of their property? Fortunately, the public as individuals does that which the public in its corporate capacity makes a point of neglecting. Throughout the British Islands there are hundreds of large libraries supported by subscription, and from these, as well as from libraries of lesser size, there issue more copious streams of knowledge than are poured from perhaps all the great national libraries of Europe put together.

Proceeding to the statement before us, it appears that the number of libraries in Europe, either open to the public or deriving their support from the public, is 383, of which "107 are in France, 41 in the Austrian states and in the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice, 30 in the Prussian states, 28 in Great Britain and Ireland (including Malta,) 17 in Spain, 15 in the Papal states, 14 in Belgium, 13 in Switzerland, 12 in the Russian empire, 11 in Bavaria, 9 in Tuscany, 9 in Sardinia, 8 in Sweden, 7 in Naples, 7 in Portugal, 5 in

Holland, 5 in Denmark, 5 in Saxony, 4 in Baden, 4 in Hesse, 3 in Wirtemberg, and 3 in Hanover."

The magnitude of these libraries is by no means in proportion to the size of the towns that contain them, or the wealth or importance of the countries to which they belong. In Great Britain and Ireland, for instance, there are 43 volumes to every 100 inhabitants of the towns that contain the books, while in Russia there are 80 to every 100. In Spain, to every 100 there 106; "in France, 125; in the Austrian empire, 159; in the Prussian states, 196; in Parma, 204; in Mecklenburg, 238; in Hesse, 256; in the Papal states, 266; in Nassau, 267; in Tuscany, 268; in Modena, 333; in Switzerland, 340; in Bavaria, 347; in Saxony, 379; in Saxe-Meiningen, 400; in Denmark, 412; in Baden, 480; in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 551; in Hesse-Darmstadt, 660; in Wirtemberg, 716; in Saxe-Weimar, 881; in Hanover, 972; in Oldenburg, 1078; and in Brunswick, 2353 volumes." These are curious proportions; and if the magnitude of a public library were really any indication of the educational condition of the country, we should have to conclude that Russia was twice, and Brunswick fifty-five times, better educated than England.

If we restrict our view to the libraries in the *capitals*, we find our own place still lower in the scale. London has only 20 volumes to every 100 inhabitants, while Brussels has 100, Petersburg 108, Paris 143, Madrid 153, Berlin 162, Rome 306, Copenhagen 465, Munich 750, and Weimar 803. Thus the little city of Weimar is forty times better provided with books than the great Babylon of the modern world.

The number of public libraries in Europe exceeding 10,000 volumes in amount, is 383, and the aggregate number of volumes in all these libraries is 20,012,735. The following are the libraries, with the number of their volumes, in the capital cities:—

	vols.
1. Paris (1.) National Library, - - -	800,000
2. Munich, Royal Library, - - -	600,000
3. Berlin, Royal Library, - - -	470,000
4. Petersburg, Imperial Library, - - -	446,000
5. Copenhagen, Royal Library, - - -	410,000
6. London, British Museum Library, -	350,000
7. Vienna, Imperial Library, - - -	313,000
8. Dresden, Royal Library, - - -	300,000
9. Madrid, National Library, - - -	200,000
10. Wolfenbittel, Ducal Library, - - -	200,000
11. Paris (2.) Arsenal Library, - - -	180,000
12. Stuttgart, Royal Library, - - -	174,000
13. Milan, Brera Library, - - -	170,000
14. Paris (3.) St. Geneviève Library, -	150,000
15. Darmstadt, Grand-Ducal Library, -	150,000

16. Florence, Magliabecchian, - - -	150,000
17. Naples, Royal Library, - - -	150,000
18. Brussels, Royal Library, - - -	133,500
19. Rome (1.) Casanate Library, - -	120,000
20. Hague, Royal Library, - - -	100,000
21. Paris (4.) Mazarine Library, - -	100,000
22. Rome (2.) Vatican Library, - -	100,000
23. Parma, Ducal Library, - - -	100,000

From the general list of 383 libraries, we may extract the following notice of libraries in the United Kingdom:—The British Museum, as above, 350,000; Sion College, 27,000; King's College, Aberdeen, 20,000; Marischal College, Aberdeen, 12,000; Public Library, and New Public Library, Birmingham, 31,500; libraries in Cambridge, 230,000; libraries in Dublin, 139,000; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, 160,000; University Library, Edinburgh, 96,000; Library of Writers to the Signet, 50,000; University Library, Glasgow, 50,000; Hunterian Museum Library, 12,000; Cheetham Library, Manchester, 19,000; Bodleian Library, Oxford, 218,000; other libraries in Oxford, 153,000; St. Andrew's University Library (now one of the best conducted libraries in Great Britain,) 53,000.

In the United States of America there are eighty-one public libraries, having an aggregate of 955,000 volumes, a third of which are in the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York.

No European public library is older than about the middle of the fifteenth century: that of Vienna has now been open to the public since the year 1575. The National Library of Paris was founded in 1595, but was not made public till 1737. A century before the latter date, it contained about 17,000 volumes; and in 1775, this had increased to 150,000. Then came the Revolution, which made it a general receptacle for the confiscated libraries of the convents and private individuals. Some of

these, it is true, were summarily disposed of "for the service of the arsenals;" but even in this case the librarians had usually a right of selection; and the result appears in the fact, that this magnificent collection numbers to-day at least 800,000 volumes. The library of the British Museum was opened to the public in 1757, with 40,000 volumes, after having been founded four years. In 1800, it contained about 65,000 volumes; in 1836, 240,000; and at present it contains, as is stated, 350,000 volumes. The increase of this collection is mainly attributable to donations; one half of its entire contents having been presented or bequeathed. The Copenhagen library, on the contrary, which has increased in the space of a century from 65,000 to 410,000 volumes, has done so by means of *purchases* equally liberal and judicious. 410,000—374,000; purchase—donation; Denmark—England. What a curious parallel!

The average annual sums allotted to the support of the four chief libraries of Paris is £23,555: a greatly smaller sum having sufficed, till two years ago, for the library of the British Museum. But since 1846, an increase of £10,000 for the purchase of books, has been made to our parliamentary grant, and the whole annual sum allotted to the service of the library is now £26,552. We may thus hope to see our national library rise into a consequence more nearly corresponding than hitherto with the greatness of the country: since under the operation of the special grant, there are 30,000 volumes added every year to the collection. At the same time, in the name of the people generally, we cannot but object to the practice of confining grants of this nature to London. What is paid for by all should, in justice, as nearly as possible, be enjoyed by all.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Most singular views are promulgated in England of France and the French Republic—its prospects, its progress, and its existence. It is a pity, but it is a fact, that the majority of English people know little and care less about Continental matters. Except as far as their pockets are concerned, their interest is most limited. A great and unexpected catastrophe, a tremendous struggle, a sudden revolution, excites their wonder and attention, just as a play, a tragedy, an exhibition would.

This is a fault; for we have arrived at a great point in the history of humanity. In early and ignorant ages, when men were restrained neither by reason, sense, nor a feeling of responsibility, the rule of tyrants was necessary to restrain them. This rule adopted from necessity, of itself, by its iron force retarded progress. But religion, education, civilization, commerce, trade, all rising up, and pressing on the people in various ways, prepared them for a better state of things. Kings were cur-



tailed of the power, and even, as in England, restrained wholly from action, by a complicated machinery, existing only in theory, called constitutional principles.

The natural tendency of man, as he advances towards perfection, is to emancipate himself from rule, and govern himself. In England we have made some progress in this way, by rendering the monarchy a fiction, and by curtailing the power of the House of Lords. It is naturally to be expected, that as enlightenment and education spread, we shall approach even nearer to democracy, and openly invest with rule, the only body possessed of divine right—the people. In Continental States the progress would have been of the same slow character, had the monarchs been wise. In 1789, in France, honest ministers, a wise aristocracy, a sensible king, and a harmless queen, would have saved the monarchy. In 1830, none but a bigoted old man, striving to destroy the semblance of liberty existing in the Charter, could have roused up the revolution of July. In 1848, honest ministers, a king disposed to act with common justice, decency, and fairness, towards the people who had raised him up, would have saved the dynasty. Gradual reforms, granted yearly, the accustoming of the people to political rights; the giving of these to them by insensible degrees, would have carried Louis Philippe to the grave, and perhaps transmitted the throne to one of his sons. The end of all this would have been a Republic. But then France would have been better prepared for it, more educated, more enlightened, more used to political existence. Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sicily, all gave us specimens of the bad faith, dishonesty, and folly of European kings. In becoming monarchs of a land, great or small, the fortunate individuals whom accident, force, or violence, place upon a throne, contract a deep debt to the nation. The nation gives them all—or, rather, they take all—liberty, property, life, are all at the disposition of the king, in every real monarchy; and the least the king can do is to give happiness, contentment, and peace, to the people.

Now the ruler is in the same position as a trader. He borrows or buys largely, perhaps more than he has a right to, but as long as he pays, nobody has a word to say. Let him, however, fail to keep his promises, and the consequence is bankruptcy. So with kings. As long as they fulfil their engagements, their creditors are patient and content. Thus in England, where the debtor and creditor account is not altogether disproportionate, the monarchy remains unshaken. In Europe the kings have taken all and given nothing. The cred-

itors have stepped in. Revolution is the bankruptcy of kings.

But France, forced into revolution by the folly, incapacity, and selfishness of its rulers, has shown the world a rare picture. Despite all the calumnies which have been promulgated, what is the fact? The people, by universal suffrage, have selected a National Assembly, moderate in the extreme, calm, prudent—whose only fault is, that it leans too much towards old theories, ideas, and principles. The wild Socialists are in a wretched minority, while even the real Republicans are not a large majority, if they have one at all. The nation is giving itself a form of government, firm, solid, and likely to be durable. Commerce, trade, and credit, are, it is true, slowly rising from prostration, but this is the natural result of a sudden and violent change. One fact, however, is certain, trade and commerce are reviving. The Paris shopkeepers cease to complain so virulently; their occupation is not gone, and there are symptoms of the winter bringing even better things. At Lyons, and in the other manufacturing districts, occupation is being resumed; and if expectation from England has dwindled almost to nothing, it is because we will no longer give credit to those who are well enough disposed to buy.

The great questions of the month have been the change of ministry and the presidential election.

The causes of the change of ministry is evident. Cavaignac is used up. The Republicans of the old school hate him. The modern Republicans distrust him. It is useless denying evidence. Cavaignac, as Minister of War, allowed the June insurrection to take place, that he might overthrow Lamartine and secure his office. As soon as this became clear as noon-day, Cavaignac felt that his election as President of the Republic was very problematical. He saw that not one solitary Republican vote would be given to him, and he determined to gain other supporters, by courting the old Whigs *a centre gauche*. Not wholly to break with the Republicans, he kept the men of the *National* in, but they support him now coldly. The Democratic party is about two hundred strong; the moderate Republicans are about fifty men; leaving four hundred and fifty Carlists, Conservatives, Royalists, and persons converted to Republican principles from necessity.

Whatever people may think in England, there is no sane man in all France who believes any form of government possible save a Republic. I never heard a political man of any party who did not frankly say this. But

there are various kinds of republics. The Conservatives would make it as monarchical and aristocratic as possible, the middle classes as *bourgeois* as they conveniently can, the democrats as democratic.

The political Royalists, such men as Larochejaquelin, and Berryer, believe no more in Carlism. They hope for it, but have no faith in again seeing a Bourbon on the throne of France. The old women, the little red-heeled marquises, the powdered wigs, the small tea-tabled politicians, and these are numerous, have, of course, high hopes, but they are not shared by the eminent and sensible men of their party.

The Orleanists are a fraction.

The Bonapartists, the relics of the empire, the old soldiers, may dream of an empire again, but the able men who advise Louis Napoleon, only wish to see him President, proud of the satisfaction of showing to Europe, that crushed his uncle, a Napoleon, President of the French Republic.

But the secret of all men's belief in the Republic, whose opinion is worthy of regard, lies in a nutshell. *The Republicans will fight.* Touch their new commonwealth, and all shades will disappear. *Reforme* men, *National* men, Socialists, Communists, will fly to arms and struggle against the imposition of an iron despotism, such as alone would keep any monarch two years upon a throne again in that country. Let France steer clear of European war, and ten years hence she will, with a happy, contented people, a comfortable middle class, and a grumbling, but half-persuaded aristocracy, give the lie to her detractors, to her calumniators, and to all false prophets.

But the presidential election is the great, important question of the day. Before our next monthly *bulletin* reaches the public, it will probably have been decided. Already the excitement is getting up. Before the day it will be tremendous. The friends of the various candidates are working hard. The claims of the various candidates are easily stated; they are:—

Louis Napoleon,	Raspail,
Lamartine,	Cabet,
Cavaignac,	Caussidiere,
Ledru Rollin,	Louis Blanc.

Louis Napoleon appears at present to have the largest amount of support. He has with him the immense prestige of Napoleon's name. The French are a military people, vain-glorious in the extreme. All the relics of the Empire, all the old soldiers, all the young ones who like their trade, will support him. He will have vast support from those of the mid-

dle classes, who dislike the Republic, and who hope that he will, by another 18th Brumaire, destroy it. But his great support will be the gross ignorance of the agricultural population, and of the lower grade of artisans. They believe that, because his name is Napoleon, his election must produce glorious results. They believe that he will make a splendid Empire. But his success will depend upon the Carlists. This body had originally intended to vote for Henri Cinq, as a demonstration; but they have calculated their forces, and they now know that the result would be ridiculous. They have therefore decided to support Louis Napoleon, in the hope that his incapacity, inexperience, or ambition, may drag France into a position from which she can only escape by once more trying monarchy. Should, however, the Carlists desert him, Louis will not be elected.

Lamartine retains the support of a great many enlightened and grateful Frenchmen. They know that he, by his mighty eloquence, saved Paris from the red flag; that he restrained the revolutionary desires of his associates; and that he would, as president of the nation, do his utmost for outward peace, and inward tranquillity. I believe he will poll a large number of votes.

Cavaignac will meet with none but Conservative support. People begin to see that his ability lies in silence—that he floats with the majority—that he is a clever, ambitious soldier. No man, not a Conservative or a Royalist, has now in France any sympathy with him. Nobody knows what are his opinions. He seems a Republican, and yet all his personal *antecedents* are monarchical. He will not be high, I conceive, on the poll.

Ledru Rollin, a man much calumniated, but who would be less abused if men read his speeches, instead of taking hearsay for granted, would have great chances were the democrats united. He is an eloquent, able man, a Danton in energy, and an uncompromising Republican. He wants a cool head and defined principles to be a man of genius. The working men will support him, and so will all the Democrats who wish the success of a man of iron energy. People say that he is not honest, that he is profligate. But where is the evidence? The Carlists say the same of Lamartine. Had I my choice, Lamartine would be my President, but Ledru Rollin would be preferable to either Louis Napoleon or Cavaignac. Anything is better than a reckless, thoughtless dreamer of imperial glory, or than a soldier. Ledru Rollin President, ruled by ministers, supported by the Legislature, would ensure the existence of the Republic, without

introducing one wild or delusive theory into practice.

The weakness of Ledru Rollin, however, lies in the support which will be given to Raspail by the Socialists, to Caussidiere by the mere Revolutionists, and to Louis Blanc by the working men of his school, while even Cabet will have votes. Doubtless, too, hundreds of other local candidates will have a few votes wasted on them.

A month will show.

The raising of the state of siege is an agreeable announcement to make. It puts us in a normal state here, and will encourage many persons to return to Paris. There is a difference of opinion, but many believe that Paris will be the gayest of the gay this winter. Preparations are making. The Presidential soirees will, of course, be splendid.

Rents are rising, furniture is getting dear, there are fewer sales, fewer apartments to let. These are the very best signs which could exist in Paris. The Bourse shows very little change. Gold is sixteen francs a thousand, and abundant. Silver is a drug, and scarce anything can now be got by changing notes into specie.

The Presidential fever once allayed, the provisional state will be at an end, and then alone can the new democratic institutions of France be judged. They must, of course, have a long trial before they can be rightly appreciated. But while the *provisoire* exists, we must condemn and lament the results of Revolution; but the results of democracy we only know as yet in the United States, and there we can but form a favorable opinion.

*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## A VISIT TO SANTONA.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE LATE WAR.

"What a bore these old Peninsular Fellows are."—*Young Soldier of 1848.*

In the year 1813, I was stationed at Santander (St. Andero) in Spain. It was a great depôt for the supply of the army then concentrated upon the Bayonne frontier of France. Santander derived its supplies from Belem, near Lisbon. They were sent round in fleets of victuallers, and received into store at Santander, from whence they were forwarded weekly in small convoys of five or six vessels to Passages and St Jean de Leez. About six leagues distant from Santander, and in the direct route to Passages, was situated the harbor of Santona, where was still, although in the rear of the British army, a French garrison of about three thousand men, under the command of General Charles Lameth. The harbors of Santander and Santona were, as I have said, about six leagues apart, but the entrance to them was not *very* dissimilar. The eye of a master of a victualler as regarded foreign ports was not, at the time I describe, of the most accurately practised description, neither were there then any temperance ships; it will not, therefore, be a matter of great surprise that a skipper, after a voyage from Belem, should, on a hazy morning, mistake the one port for the other; and so, in fact, one very clever skipper did. Confidently, he entered the harbor of Santona for that of Santander, and with a full cargo of

barley, the clothing of five regiments, innumerable packages of private baggage, and a lot of passengers, triumphantly brought his good ship to an anchor in the lion's mouth!

No sooner was the Eliza, John Brown, master, safely moored, than she was boarded by a boat full of soldiers armed to the teeth; their bright barrels and bayonets glittering in the sun. John Brown laughed—laughed long and loud, and Wilkins the mate laughed too.

"I say, Wilkins," says the skipper, "what the d—l do these Spaniards take us for? I suppose they think we are smugglers. This here bit of paper, however," holding out his bill of lading, "when they see it, will soon spoil their fun, and show them that they got no prize in us. How the Commissary will laugh, when I goes ashore by and bye, and tells 'un all about it!"

The French officer in command of the boarding party had by this time quietly taken possession of the vessel's deck, and advancing towards the skipper, hat in hand, with a truly French shrug of the shoulders, and ironical smile, most politely welcomed him to Santona, observing that Mon General was so delighted at the confiding manner with which he had entered the harbor, that he had ordered him to escort him immediately to head quarters to



breakfast, and therefore requested that he would avoir la bonté, first to put on his coat and put the ship's papers in his pocket, and get into his boat which was alongside, and accompany him; adding, with another smile more gracious if possible than the first, that his vaisseau would be safe in his absence, and that he would be sure to find her where he left her, as he intended leaving a sous officier and garde on board for her special protection. The French officer concluded this address with one of his polite bows.

Poor John Brown, who had been rubbing his eyes during the whole of the French officer's speech, was, at its conclusion, most thoroughly wide awake. His first exclamation of surprise and dismay was ejaculated in the usual nautical fashion. He next looked at the French "baggonets" as he called them, and then addressed the mate.

"Why, here's a pretty go, Wilkins," said he; "who can tell them Spaniards from Frenchmen? They're all of one breed, that's my notion: and their harbors all alike."

"It's no fault of mine, our coming in here. The harbors be as like as two peas, and nobody could have knowed one from the other. I'm quite floored," answered Wilkins, "regular."

The lively French officer enjoyed this scene amazingly, but he had had enough of it; and he too had been invited to breakfast at head quarters. Moreover, excitement and salt water had made him rather peckish, so tapping the skipper on the shoulder, he repeated his request that he would put on his coat and get ready to be off. The General will be waiting for us, he added, and you don't know how glad he will be to see you. Come, make haste. Wilkins, who was standing by, remarked "that this was a nilly willy sort of affair, so he'd best not for to stand a shilly shallying with the Frenchman any longer, but be off," advising him, in an under tone, to "put on his *best* coat and two *best* shirts, you knows," says he, "cause why."

Thus counselled, the captain quietly bobbed his best bib and tucker, and stepped into the Frenchman's boat, which, propelled by eight gallant hands, soon reached the shore.

On landing, our skipper's ideas were somewhat astounded at the appearance of some three thousand troops assembled to greet his debarkation. Hosts of armed men crowded around him, but their perfect good humor was unmistakable. Those who did not, from politeness, indulge in peals of loud laughter, were most assuredly on the very broadest grin; others less circumspect, shouted out welcomes to the captain at the very tops of their voices; and all seemed to form one scene of mirth and fun.

Thus amidst the acclamations of the invincibles, now jeopardized in the blockaded fortress of Santona, did the welcome but involuntary introducer of barley (*bread*) approach the head quarters of the hospitable and gallant General Charles Lameth. The house which Charles Lameth had selected for his head quarters was of a very unpretending appearance. It was, in fact, the ordinary residence of a Santona merchant; one of those well known through Spain as an up-stairs house. The basement comprised stables, from which an outside flight of stone steps ascended to an open balcony, within which, was a salon, from whence branched various minor apartments used as bedroom and offices.

As our skipper's approach became known to Mon General by the noisy mirth of the soldiery, he moved out of the salon, where breakfast awaited his guests' arrival, to the balcony; and there, at the top of the flight of stairs, took up his position to receive our hero, John Brown.

Charles Lameth was a man of mild and gentlemanly manner, quiet of speech, benevolent and humane in disposition. There was nothing in his outward appearance of the dash or ferocity of his countrymen; he wore no enormous moustachios, nor were his spurs half a yard long. He was habited in the chaste undress of a French General Officer. As Skipper Brown would have described him, he was simply rigged in a blue coat with a gingerbread-like sticking-up collar and cuffs. Had a bit of a spit-like toasting-fork hanging over his larboard-quarter, and with a big cocked hat, bordered all round with some d—d foolish Frenchified cocks' tail feathers upon his head.

He had resided, when an emigrant, many years in England, and was familiar both with the language and customs. When, therefore, Mon General advanced to meet Le Capitaine Brown, welcoming him to his house in plain English, and offering him his hand after the most approved English fashion, John Brown felt himself at once quite at home, and forthwith extending his dexter "*fin*," delightedly grasped the General's fist, giving it a prolonged, and right good seamanly hearty shake.

"Captain Brown," said the General, "I am very sorry on your account, for the mistake which you have made in entering our port for that of Santander, and I hope you are insured. You have, however, unwillingly rendered me a most important service. I suppose you know by this time that we are closely invested by the Spaniards, and nearly starved. Nothing could have been more providential than your arrival with barley. It will enable us to maintain this garrison for the next six months; we were getting quite out of bread, nothing could

pass the Spaniards by land, and as a nautical man, you may pretty well guess, with so many of your man-of-war cruisers on and off the coast, what little chance we had of receiving supplies from Bayonne by sea. I am not much surprised at your having paid us this visit, for I have oftentimes seen vessels, which I know to be victuallers, arrive off Santander unaccompanied by any ship of war. Now, it is very possible in bad or misty weather, to mistake the one port for the other, and I have often thought that if convoy for defence was considered to be unnecessary, yet, were it merely to avoid the casualty which has now occurred to yourself, it was not prudent to allow any provision ship to make the voyage from Lisbon to Santander without one. It is true you have many ships of war in the harbor of Santander, and the little *Ly*—a watches that of Santana; but where was she this morning, when you came in? Moreover, I too have a little man-of-war, a privateer, in this harbor, which contrives occasionally to slip in and out, in despite of the vigilance of your cruisers; and it is not quite a month ago that she got almost alongside of a lofty blue-sided brig standing towards Santander; aye, and would have captured her too, had not the captain's brandy fallen short, so that he could not induce the crew to board."

John Brown appeared to listen attentively to all the General said. He knew, by sad experience, how very easy it was to get *into* the harbor of Santana instead of that of Santander, but he was all the while thinking how very different it might be for him to get *out* of it. When the General spoke of the big blue-sided ship, which his privateer did *not* take, John thought how uncommonly *blue* he should look if ever he had the good luck to come across his owners again; and what a big fool he had been to get into such a mess.

John, however, was not by any means a fool, but on the contrary, a plain, sensible, honest, straightforward seaman. He found he had got into a difficulty, and determined, forthwith, to do his best to get out of it. Observing the General to pause, he at once said,

"Sir, your honor has received me like a gentleman, and I am not afear'd but that your honor will treat me throughout this unfortunate affair as such. I have fallen into a trap, as it were, and lost my ship. That is to me a great misfortune. My coming in here, your honor says, has been a god-send to you, seeing that your garrison was hard up for bread; worse luck, as your honor must know, *that* for me, for having relieved you. However, as I was a-going to say, that can't be helped now, 'cause 'tis done. But your honor, the Eliza is n't a man-of-war, nor be we fighting men; so I do

expect that your honor won't make prisoners of such a harmless-like set of merchant seamen as we be; but like your honor's self, allow us to be at liberty to go a-foot to Santander, and to take our little private kits with us. I'll promise your honor we'll find our way into our right berth this time, and no mistake. Our passengers, too, your honor, be but a poor lot, not worth your honor's feeding, seeing as how you be upon short allowance. They be only officers' servants in charge of their masters' baggage. But I'd forgot, there be one lady passenger, a regular topper, your honor, too, an Irish lady, the wife of a medico, as they calls them doctors. She *was* a going to join her husband at Santander."

The skipper's pathetic appeal on behalf of himself and copartners in durance, was here brought to a stand still by the sudden starting of the General, whose countenance depicted rather a ludicrous conjumble of astonishment, annoyance, and disbelief. The thread of John's discourse was broken; he was put out, and had nothing more to say. Perceiving this, the General, resuming his usually quiet demeanor, replied—

"Captain Brown, your case is very peculiar; you did not enter Santana with any hostile intent, nevertheless your ship and cargo are prize to this garrison, and your crew, your passengers, and yourself, whether fighting men or not, are prisoners of war. Such is the law, and such the usage of nations. Had your ship been captured at sea, by my privateer, you would all, as a matter of course, been sent to France, trophies; but as you came amongst us unpretendingly, and confidingly, and moreover brought us *bread* in the time of our need, why, I believe we must act liberally towards you and yours, and allow you to proceed, without further let or hindrance, to your originally intended port of Santander; merely requiring from you, upon your honor, that you do not serve hostily against France for the usual period of one year and one day, excepting sooner regularly exchanged. You may quit Santana to-morrow," added the General. "To-day I will send an express to the Commandant at Santander and inform him I have in Santana, a *lady* prisoner of war! Now let us get our breakfast."

John Brown acknowledged in grateful and respectful terms, the General's kindness and readily promised "*Parole d'honneur*," on behalf of himself and staff, faithfully to observe the terms upon which their liberation was recorded. The events of the morning had not taken away John's appetite, and now that his dismal foreboding of "*verdun*" and a French prison were dispelled, he felt fully disposed

to do justice to the General's repeated provoke "to sit down and fall to."

John, although hungry, had squeamishly determined to feed but sparingly, seeing that he was invited to a mess upon short allowance, a sort of six upon four as it were. He was rather astonished, therefore, when the covers were removed from the dishes, to see under them, instead of "frogs and snails" and other such like French frivolities, rounds of buttered toast, eggs, and what appeared to him, an unmistakable beef-steak of ample dimensions. These solids were moreover accompanied with excellent coffee, the entire "spread" being flanked by *Black Bottles* "du Vin" et "d' Eau de Vie." The party assembled were Mon General, and his two aides, and the Major who took possession of the Eliza, and Captain Brown. They were all in high good humor—the General had received a most unlooked for rescue from quasi starvation, and the Captain had escaped the anticipated horrors of a French prison—each had assisted the other. The breakfast passed off merrily, more so, possibly, on the part of the French officers, than was altogether consistent with their universally acknowledged national urbanity, for their forbearance had been sorely tried by the skipper's thrice repeated attack on the "bif-tak," (*horseflesh*) than which he has often emphatically declared, nothing could be more delicious, the brandy too, with which he washed his sundry helpings down, he likewise said was excellent. The preliminary business of the day was, however, after a rather unusually prolonged sit, brought to a close. The General gave the signal for a move, the rest of the party rose, and all, as is usual in Spain after a meal, repaired to the balcony.

"Gentlemen," then said the General, "we will now if you please proceed to action. Be it your affair," he continued, "Major, to return on board the prize and disembark her crew and passengers. A house has been provided for their reception adjoining the landing place, where Captain Brown," he added, turning toward the skipper, "will perhaps do me the favor to hoist his flag. Alexander," said the General, addressing one of his aides, "do you man the barge and convey my lady prisoner of war to the Quintana of the Senhora Donne Margarita. Boisson," said he to his other aide, "look out for a Spaniard who can be trusted to convey a despatch to Santander."

These orders were all carried out with the promptness so familiar to military men; each, as he received his instructions, disappeared, leaving at length the General alone to indite his despatch, for which he had required a trustworthy messenger, to the commandant of

Santander. He informed him of Captain Brown's involuntary visit to Santana, and of his having liberated the prisoners on parole, requesting that a transport might forthwith be despatched from Santander for the conveyance of their baggage. Made known his having a lady prisoner at his head quarters, and his intention of unconditionally surrendering her to her husband, who he most politely hoped would lose no time in paying him a visit. He concluded by saying that he was of opinion Marshal Soult would permit him to restore the military clothing and baggage found on board the Eliza, upon his receiving money equivalent for it, should the British Commander-in-Chief be desirous of redeeming it, and that with a view to facilitate such an arrangement, he enclosed a report of the capture (open) to the Marshal, which as he himself had no means of transmitting it, he would request might be sent to the British head quarters for delivery, through the medium of a flag of truce in the usual manner. This despatch ended, and the messenger being provided, was forthwith sealed, and sent off to its destination.

The General now expressed his intention of inspecting Captain Brown's quarters. "He will, by this time," said he, "have established himself on shore. The commissaire has been directed to take care of his men, but we must send the Captain a few bottles of brandy, and some wine for his own use. Sailors are most amusing fellows, and you will, I promise you, be greatly diverted by this visit."

Thus confabing, they strolled towards the beach, and soon caught sight of the skipper's flag, which he, having few figurative notions, had literally, as he conceived, hoisted at the General's request.

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the aide, rather nervously. "Qu'est ce que je vois? Voyez vous, Mon General, le Pavillon Anglais flottant au dessus de cette maison la bas! Qu'est ce qu'importe ça?"

Mon General did look, and Mon General saw, and no mistake, an English flag waving over the top of a house, at a little distance from the water side, but he was not at all alarmed at the discovery. His experienced eye at once told him that it was not the war-like flag of Great Britain, which for a thousand years had braved the "Battle and the Breeze," but the innocuous red ensign of the Eliza, transferred from the ship to the shore. He was delighted at once both at the skipper's simplicity and the aide's imperfectly concealed consternation.

"It is the quarter of Captain Brown," he said, "and it was by my desire that it is so distinguished. True it is that I spoke figura-



tively when I requested him to hoist his flag, intending only to say that I wished him to make that house his residence; but I ought to have been more explicit, and to have recollected that sailors are plain men, and not very intimately versed in rhetoric. Perhaps, however, strictly speaking in this instance, Captain Brown is not altogether wrong—he has not yet been required to *lower* his flag, and consequently may have considered himself authorized in bringing it away with him from the ship, and rehoisting it after the fashion of a British Admiral on shore. It is a bold step to hoist the British Flag in a French garrison; however, let us humor these fine fellows; to-morrow they quit us, their flag shall then be lowered with all the honors of war.”

By this time they had reached to within a short distance of the flag in question, and Mon Aide's nerves were destined to undergo another rather severe shock. The skipper having from a distance observed their approach, mustered his crew, and then pithily said, “Now my lads, you know the way, three cheers for the General, and d—n to all French prisoners.” “Aye, aye, sir,” responded the men.

On Mon General's arrival, therefore, they were saluted with a deafening cheer, three-times-three and one more, to the great amusement of the General, and his aide's inconceivable dismay.

“Put up your weapon, Du Boisson,” said the General to his aide, who was in the act of drawing his sword, “you do not understand the custom of British seamen. The reception which we have met with, is in the highest degree complimentary.”

Du Boisson shrugged his shoulders but did as he was desired. The General thanked the Captain for the “salvo” with which he had been honored, and then turning towards the crew, good humoredly said, “That cheer, my lads, must needs I think have made your throats rather dry. Hasn't the Captain an old fashioned looking sort of a *demi-john* outside there? I thought I saw one amongst his *dry goods*. Come, Captain, hand it out—let us see what it contains. Whatever we rob you of, upon my faith, I will replace with good Cognac—I would drink to your bon voyage to Santander to-morrow. My men, I have given you your liberty, and we are, I trust, good friends; your coming in here was a bit of a blunder, but never mind, you could not help that, nor could I.”

The skipper forthwith produced his “demi,” and after carefully wiping a couple of glasses, presented them brimmers to the General and his aide. He then, winking his eye to the crew, gave the word, “ready.” “Ready,”

shouted his men. Mon General then prepared his toast, which was enthusiastically cheered, after which, cordially shaking the skipper by the hand, and bowing with uplifted beaver to the crew, he and his aide retired. The events of the morning had rapidly succeeded each other. The brig entered Santona with the dawn—she was taken possession of at six—the captain landed a little after seven, and the general breakfast was finished about nine o'clock—it was now not quite half-past ten.

“It is yet early,” said the General to Boisson; “let us walk quietly to Quintana. We may find the Donna Margarita still at breakfast—her visitor's arrival will possibly make her later than usual to-day. Allons, allons! Let us lose no time in welcoming our lady prisoner—her husband will most probably breakfast with us to-morrow, and we must invite the ladies to meet him. I promise myself much pleasure in giving this intelligence. Do you not envy me, Du Boisson?”

They accordingly strolled leisurely on towards the residence of the Senhora, which was situated outside the town, and not quite a quarter of a mile distant from John Brown's flag; a few minutes took them to the house, when the General, stepping forward, gave the accustomed well-known Spanish summons to its inmates, with the open palm, twice distinctly repeated. The *Quien* he “who's there?” was forthwith sounded; the response, “Amigo”—friend—as promptly given, and these preliminary formalities, never neglected in Spain, having been duly performed, the latch of the door was lifted, and Mon General and his aide were permitted to enter.

Donna Margarita received her visitors with the perfect ease and tact so remarkable in the well bred women of Spain. She informed the General, laughing, that his prisoner had been in her *custody* already nearly two hours, that they had some time since breakfasted, and that, on hearing his knock, the captive had hastily retired. “In short, Mon General,” said she, “your prisoner is dreadfully afraid of you, and manifests great horror at your approach.”

“Am I then so very formidable?” asked the General.

“Decidedly you are so in the eyes of this lady,” she replied, “for she sincerely believes herself to be your prisoner, and under that conviction is inconsolable at the prospect of an indefinite separation from her husband, who is, as you are aware, at Santander.”

“If that is all,” said the General, good humoredly smiling, “I may yet find favor with my prisoner—her captivity will terminate to-morrow. I have, however, I fear, carried

this 'Bigarrine' too far, and inflicted pain; I would fain, therefore, communicate to her this intelligence, and faire mon amende. Pray afford me the opportunity."

The Senhora, thus solicited, consented to conduct the General to his guest. As he had entered her house by one door, the lady precipitately quitted it by the other, and to avoid Mon General had ensconced herself in the summer-house, at the farthest end of the garden, which commanded a view of the sea and the lost brig. There sat the forlorn lady prisoner, intently gazing at the innocent and unconscious cause of her captivity, the ill-starred Eliza. She had not perceived the advance of our intruders, whose movements were no way announced by the tread of steps, the walks they had passed over being formed of sea-side sand, and consequently dead of sound. It was necessary to arouse her—Donna Margarita, therefore, looking archly at Mon General, and motioning him to silence by putting the finger on the lip, undertook the task, and proceeded to command attention by beating "Reveille" in the Spanish fashion, clapping her hands twice sharply and quickly together. A start and shriek followed!

The General, indeed, had carried his "whimsey" so far, that his captive, an Irish lady, possessing much of the national excitement and romance, had really and truly considered herself his prisoner, and had in idea, conjured up, as about to be inflicted upon her, all that she had either heard or read of the horrors attendant upon a residence in a French prison, adding thereto some delectable concomitants, such as handcuffs, chains, and bread and water, the creation of her own bewildered imagination.

Sooth to say, the "lady's head was gone." No wonder, her reverie thus disturbed, and when the captive looking up encountered with distended optics the lofty plume of the dreaded General, that a start and shriek escaped her. Mon General was no wise astonished at this lady-like betrayal of emotion. Great, however, was his amazement, when progressing with graceful step and polished mien to address the lady, he found his advance repelled, not by one simple shriek, but by a whole continuous volley, most fearfully discharged, accompanied by the *somewhat* discouraging backward movement of the hand, and the monosyllable, intelligible in most languages, oftentimes repeated, of "No, no, no, no!"

He was, indeed, astounded, transfixed. Statue-like, he regarded his terror-stricken prize, and then, with an imposing look, beseeched her to be pacified. His mild persuasions, and assurances of perfect safety, restoration to house and home, were, however, given

to the winds. The frenzied lady heeded them not, but continued vociferously, and yet more vociferously still, to rave and rant, until Mon General, fairly discomfited and beaten, accompanied by the Senhora, who could with difficulty conceal her mirth, fairly beat an inglorious retreat, retiring upon his reserve, Du Boisson, who had all this time remained in the Quintana. There, "disconconfiada mortifié," somewhat annoyed, he had to sustain a second attack, but of a different nature, from the lively Senhora Donna Margarita, who unmercifully rallied him upon his defeat and failure with his no longer termed captive. Nor did he receive consolation from his aide, who greatly enjoyed the scene which the Senhora had lost no time in describing to him, despite of his chief's discomfiture and all established rules of military allegiance. Mon General, therefore, beleaguered, determined forthwith to retire within his inmost fastnesses, and ironically thanking the Senhora for the introduction with which he had been honored to her *fascinating* inmate, and confiding the lady altogether to her custody and protection, he made his "adios," and accompanied by Du Boisson, returned to head quarters, taking John Brown's flag by the way, and inviting John to dinner.

Escaped from the whipping which he had so soundly received from these female scorpions, he had leisure to reflect on the folly and vanity of tampering with incomprehensible woman. "Gladly," ejaculated he, "would I have foregone the relief which I have this day received to have been spared the mortification with which it has been accompanied." Mon General would doubtless have soliloquized after this doleful fashion for some time longer, had not his cogitations been interrupted by the entrance of an orderly, announcing the arrival of Le Capitaine Brown, who, no wise afflicted with such sentimentals, had been vulgar enough to recollect his "provoke" to dinner.

John Brown's entrance, his countenance expressive of "bonhomie," good-nature, and his frank, seamanly address, soon dissipated the General's bile, already somewhat relieved through the safety-valve of ejaculation. His thoughts diverged into a far different channel—they called to his recollections the tranquil years he had passed in England, which he contrasted with his present isolated position—blockaded by an enemy he despised, and in the rear of a powerful General to whom his very existence was unimportant. Ennui, however, like everything else, has its limits and its end—the General had his fit out, and now resumed his wonted gaiety.

Commanding officers of regiments and heads

of departments had been invited to meet the lion of the feast. Dinner was announced; Mon General with the Captain led the way, and each took his accustomed seat, the chair on the right of the General being appropriated to our hero, John Brown, beside whom was seated at his dexter elbow, the Commissaire de Guerre, a gentleman who had acquired some proficiency in the English language, and in nautical subjects, during a somewhat lengthened and involuntary residence on board of a dismantled vessel in the romantic vicinity of Portsmouth. Everything progressed satisfactorily — John, never a shirker, warmed as the champagne was handed round. The Commissaire spoke his best English, and the intercurrent fire of the two became highly amusing to the General, who alone understood their conversation; but the skipper's "naïf" remarks, interpreted as they were, by his dexter neighbor, with all the license of an interpreter, omitting much that was said, and supplying the vacuum with more that was never intended, thereby oftentimes rendering confusion worse confounded, afforded much mirth to the whole party, and caused the day to pass off with great hilarity and good humor.

Dinner ended and coffee served, the party adjourned to the beach to witness the hauling of the Seine, a favorite amusement with the garrison, which, from reasons apart from their profession of the Roman Catholic faith, felt considerable interest in the pursuit. They had passed the evening very pleasantly, had remained out till it was quite dark, and were about to say good night, when Mon General interposed.

"Not yet, my friends," said he, "we will return for a while to head quarters. Capt. Brown quits us to-morrow; let us beg of him before we separate, to initiate us into the mystery of English punch-making—*C'est une liqueur superbe*—It's a superb beverage. How say you, Captain, have you any objection to a bowl of punch, and will you show us how to brew it?"

The Captain expressed his willingness to oblige the General. He was ready not only to show him how to *make* punch, but how to drink it too. There was nothing in the world that he would not do for him, since "as how where should he have been but for him; why, to be sure, in regular limbo."

"Allons donc," said the General, "it is cold. Let us get housed and warm ourselves. The General's staff were old campaigners; no saint-like voice in pious accents declaimed against the injurious effects of such nocturnal potations, but on the contrary, all were animated with zealous desire to do their duty, and felt a praiseworthy *thirst* for the acquirement

of the promised knowledge; albeit, at the expense of nervous temperament, such was their uncontrollable military ardor, and such their impetuous devotion to their gallant chief!

Moving forward, therefore, in double quick, impelled by the chilly breeze from the sea, they speedily regained head quarter house, and found themselves reseated in the Pardon's old-fashioned leather backed Spanish chairs. The lemons fresh and frequent from the tree, the water hot and hissing in the kettle, the sugar bright and sparkling, the odoriferous rum, and the veritable cognac, were paraded; and the Captain, taking a seat at the table, upon which was placed a copious china bowl, squeezers in hand, proceeded to business.

"Gentlemen," said the skipper, addressing his gallant and attentive pupils, "the art of making good punch consists in judgmatically making the ingredients. First prepare a rich lemonade, then add to that whatever quantity of the "*Jamaiky*" you think proper, topping the mixture with a glass of brandy. That is the great mystery of punch making."

"Ha! ha!" said the General; "Captain, we thank you, and we will now, if you please, taste the concoction; we require no instruction how to do that. Bale it out, fill the glasses. Gentlemen, here's to Captain Brown's good health, and better luck to him."

The toast was heartily responded to, and the Captain returned thanks; after which, having by successive replenishment of their glasses, duly drained the bowl, the party dispersed to their several quarters; the skipper seeking his flag under convoy of the Commissaire de Guerre, to whom, from his knowledge of his lingo, he had taken a considerable liking. It is thus that kind-hearted and good men ameliorate the evils attendant on war. Through the humane disposition of his captor, our hero, having lost his ship, underwent not the additional deprivation of his liberty, but returned home to his family, and lived long to bless his deliverer, the generous and gallant General Charles Lameth!

The remainder of the story is soon told. At an early hour on the following morning a Transport arrived from Santander, and Captain Brown and his crew turned their backs upon Santana. At about the same time Dr. B—, whose lady, it will be remembered, had been on board the brig, presented himself with a flag of truce at the outports, whence he was conducted to the General, with whom he breakfasted; but no persuasion of his could induce his wife to join the party. It may be superfluous to say that the doctor, notwithstanding his dementati adjuncts, freaky convulsions, was hospitably greeted at head quarters. His



affrighted rib, however, was anxious to quit the scene of her imaginary danger. They, therefore, likewise lost no time in leaving the garrison. Here my tale might end, but for the benefit of the curious it may be stated, that subsequently, on General Lameth's report, transmitted through the commandant of Santander to Marshal Soult, being received back at that station, a commissariat officer and an officer of the old 95th, were deputed by the commander of the forces to proceed to Santona, and confer with General Lameth, and to offer him a fair equivalent for the captured property, the barley excepted; a service which they satisfactorily performed, redeeming the regimental clothing and baggage, and removing it to Santander in a transport despatched thither to receive it. The commissary and the riflemen, on reaching Santona, had sleeping billets allotted to them, breakfasting and dining with Mon General, who each day at dinner assembled a select few to meet them; and in the evening opened his hospitable house indiscriminately to all the officers of the garrison; at these evening reunions, the gentle V —, so of old designated in his gallant corps, proved to conviction that he was not a little astern of his antecedent, the skipper, in the art of compounding bibacious fluidities. After thus spending three merry days and as many jovial evenings in the enemy's camp, our prize commissioners bid farewell to their gay and gallant foes, and availing themselves of a friendly offer of the General to return by sea, whereby they would avoid a repetition of a ride over a sadly bad road, embarked on board Mon General's pet privateer, the white flag of truce flying at

her fore. This formidable craft, manned by sixteen athletic armed seamen, soon made the run to Santander, and pulled boldly up the harbor which was full of shipping. The commander's *honor* was pledged that his boat should return innocuously to Santona, making no capture on her return voyage. The commissary, however, in order to prevent mistake, as well as to provide against any possible variation in her compasses, took the precaution of bringing her up alongside the Belle Poule frigate; the commanding officer on board of which, promised to see our friend safely into his own port on the following morning.

Here ends my story, by many, no doubt, already considered to be too long; but as others may, on the contrary, desire to know what afterwards was the fate of General Lameth and his gallant companions in arms, for the gratification of the inquisitive ones, it is recorded, that some five months after the passing of the hilarious scene I have depicted, the French armies having been driven out of Spain and Santona, consequently being cut off from all hope of relief, our gallant general surrendered his garrison by an honorable capitulation, to the allied forces; and with field artillery, arms and baggage, was conveyed thence by sea to Blaye.

In the Chapeaurouge, at Bordeaux, and subsequently on the Boulevards, at Paris, might be seen Mon General and his quondam prize commissioners, the commissary and old rifle, lounging together, united by that firm freemasonry which binds together all

"OLD PENINSULAR MEN."

*United Service Magazine.*

## ELLEEN A- RUIN.

FROM THE IRISH OF CARROL O'DALY.

### I.

For ever, for ever, you have my heart,  
O, Elleen a-Ruin!  
'T is rueful, 't is woeful, when lovers part,  
O, Elleen a-Ruin!  
Mayo would I travel from morn to night,  
For one sweet smile from your face of light,  
For one soft kiss from your red lips bright,  
My Elleen a-Ruin!

### II.

O! how shall I woo you — how make you mine —  
Fair Elleen a-Ruin?  
Can warm words win you? — can gold? — can wine? —  
Sweet Elleen a-Ruin?  
I would walk the wide world from east to west,  
Inspired by love, if I could but rest  
One heavenly hour on your beauteous breast,  
O, Elleen a-Ruin!

### III.

Come with me, come with me, then, darling one,  
Come, Elleen a-Ruin!  
The moments are precious — O, let us be gone,  
My Elleen a-Ruin!  
To the uttermost bounds of the world I'll go  
With you, my beloved, come weal or woe,  
You, you are my Heaven on Earth below,  
O, Elleen a-Ruin!

### IV.

And all my glad kindred shall welcome you,  
My Elleen a-Ruin!  
With a hundred thousand welcomes true,  
Sweet Elleen a-Ruin!  
And Love and rich Plenty shall bless our home,  
As though 't were a royalist palace-dome;  
We both will be happy till Death shall come,  
O, Elleen a-Ruin!

*Dublin University Magazine.*

## POLITICAL PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

It is only a few weeks since Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Disraeli, very sensibly remarked that it was hard if, in the face of a European revolution, he was expected to provide not only an efficient government, but an efficient opposition also. His Lordship is likely soon to have the latter labor taken off his hands. The opposition is already organized in the press. If that portion of English society which is represented by a daily contemporary till lately eminent for Whig doctrine, finds any echoes in Parliament, the government will before long be confronted with an opposition as able, as active, as virulent as the famous "Conservative opposition" of 1836-41; and (we may add) infinitely more factious.

The peculiar character of this phenomenon is fraught with especial instruction to the politicians who have hitherto chuckled over the decline of party government. Those sages have obstinately denounced government by party as a device for cheating the nation to the profit of a few great families; and their reward is now to see English public life retrograding to precisely the same ignominious position which it held towards the close of the last century.

At the opening of the reign of George the Third, a great onslaught had been made on the system of party government. The result was that, in addition to the Rockingham Whigs and the Tories (who occupied respectively the positions of the present Ministerial party and the Protectionists,) the political arena was secured by free corps of Bedfords, Grenvilles, Grenville-Temples, Shelburnes, all composed of politicians powerless in themselves, who reckoned on fetching a higher market price by adhering to the standard of some eminent man, than by joining either of the great political connections. This is exactly our present position. Parliament is split up into various inefficient sections of Peelites, Spoonerites, Smith O'Brienites, John O'Connellites, till we descend to the infinitesimal atom, the *molécule politique*, in the shape of the Anstey-Urquhartites. But it is with the Peelites that our present business lies, and this coterie bids fair to become a public nuisance. For it assumes the functions, and makes no pretence to the claims that alone justify the action, of an opposition. The recognized and daily task of its representative in the press is to discredit and criticise the Queen's responsible ministers; yet we are left without the least assurance that if it should

ultimately subvert the Government, it has any different principles on which to act.

We are attacked for assuming that the daily newspaper to which we have referred is the organ of this section of politicians. We are accused of violating professional courtesy, of unwarrantably lifting the visor of a political adversary, of rending from him unfairly his "armor of impersonality," and of a great many similar offences. We do not understand these charges. In the remarks which have given offence we limited ourselves strictly to public matters, to what our contemporary daily does his best to make notorious to all men, to what he that runs may read. We imputed no "base" motives, nor made allusion to any private or personal concerns. To our contemporary belongs the merit or the vulgarity of doing this, whatever it may be. We spoke simply of a "creed" of faith in certain public men which we now see daily put forth, and which we believe to be fraught with mischief to the public interests. We will now tell our contemporary why we think so.

We are far from saying that the line of action we just now indicated — the legitimate province of a parliamentary opposition — is in itself dangerous or objectionable. If a party condemns on principle the policy of an existing Government, it is not only its right, but its duty, in every way to hamper them till it clears the ground for the policy on which it thinks that the affairs of the nation ought to be conducted. Such, for example, was the conduct of the Conservative opposition from 1836 to 1841. We believe that opposition to have been unfair and spiteful. But we cannot plead that it exceeded its legitimate sphere of operations. It professed to dread the democratic spirit of Lord Melbourne's Government, and was ready to go many lengths to eject it from office. But the present opposition, represented by our contemporary, has no such justification. It does not affect any difference of opinion from the Ministerial Whigs. It is, if anything, more democratically inclined than they are. It professes no doctrine from which Lord John Russell would theoretically dissent, save that of exclusive devotion to Sir Robert Peel. Yet it is for this that a Liberal Government is pursued with unrelenting hostility, and we are to join in a chorus of triumph over the expulsion of party spirit by means of the substitution of naked faction.

The Peelites are indeed so conscious of their

utter want of any decent pretext for this confederacy, that they are reduced to attempt its justification as a move in opposition to the engrossing family spirit and the alleged exclusiveness of the Whigs. To disseminate this idea, they are lavish in the use of such phrases as "the Governing family," "the Great Whig houses," "the Revolution families," and the like. That this excuse should be adopted for a moment is only an example how securely the most unscrupulous libellers may rely on the short memory of the English people. The very first act of Lord John Russell's official career, was to break through the trammels of Whig hereditary connection by offering seats in his Cabinet to Lord Lincoln, Lord Dalhousie, and Mr. Sydney Herbert. Lord John Russell, in the true spirit of party government, considered that identity of feeling on political questions constituted, on the one hand, a claim to be admitted to official coöperation, and, on the other, an obligation to serve the country at the expense of private friendship and ties that were purely personal. The three gentlemen to whom he addressed himself, however, showed their superiority to the vulgar crime of party spirit, by factiously refusing their assistance to a statesman with whose views their own had become identical. They bound themselves instead to the personal fortunes of Sir Robert Peel. Lord Dalhousie has since then reconsidered his determination. But Lord Lincoln and Mr. Sydney Herbert have allowed their inaction to quicken into opposition; and, as far as the tone of their friends in the press can be supposed to indicate their own, are canvassing for public favor on the singularly shameless plea of the oligarchical exclusiveness of the Prime Minister, who seriously offended his more radical supporters by his willingness to share his power with these Right Honorable malcontents.

We need not seek far for an explanation of the discipline which Sir Robert Peel thus enforces on his friends. We can find it in the briefest retrospect of his antecedents. His aim, like that of his predecessors, Pitt and Canning, has uniformly been to force himself into power by conciliating the passions, and affecting to share the prejudices, of the vulgar great. Like Pitt and Canning, he trusted to his own genius for being able, when once in office, to school those who placed him there into something like generosity and common sense. The Whig party, valuing the purity of our public life above the interested ambition of one man, have been the great obstacles to the successful issue of this scheme. But for the boldness with which, in 1831, the Whigs put themselves at the head

of the Reform movement, it is just possible that Sir Robert Peel might have succeeded in coaxing the Tory lords into granting, and the people into accepting, some emasculated modification of the Reform Bill. Unless the Whigs had steadily reminded the public of the perfidy with which the authors of the increased Maynooth grant of '45, and the Corn Law repealers of '46, had formerly roused the popular feeling against the allies of O'Connell and the imaginary foes of the Agricultural Interest, there is no improbability in supposing that Sir Robert Peel might have maintained himself for a year or two at the head of his "strong government," by the support of the extreme Liberals. The Whigs thwarted both these attempts, and they need not expect to be forgiven for it. This is literally the rationale of the attack now made on the "exclusive" politicians, with whom in '46 the Minor Peelites refused to coöperate.

The struggle is now before the country, and (perhaps from the chances which Lord George Bentinck's death affords for a reconciliation of the Protectionists with their former chief) signs are not wanting that it will soon be transplanted from the press to the House of Commons. We have no misgivings of the issue, relying on the good sense and grateful discrimination of our countrymen; nor do we believe that this wretched used-up cry of oligarchical ambition will weigh very seriously against the Government. We do not expect to see them cashiered, even if it be their infelicity that they, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, have stood through their whole lives at the head of our intellectual progress, and consistently maintained the historical liberties of England.—*Examiner*.

#### THE WAR PRISONS ON DARTMOOR.

Silent now,—  
How silent that proud pile where England held  
Within her victor-gripe the vanquish'd foe!  
O, here full many a blooming cheek was blanch'd,  
O, here full many a gallant heart was quell'd  
By stern captivity; protracted 'till  
Hope almost ceased to bless the drooping brave!  
At eve the exile stretch'd him on his couch,  
And, while the tear stood trembling in his eye,  
As night fell on him, thoughts of Home awoke  
The bitter, unregarded sigh.

Yet, a desperate race,  
Men of all climes,—attached to none,—were here,  
Rude mingled with the hero who had fought,  
By freedom fired, for his beloved France.  
And these, as volatile as bold, defied  
Intrusive thought, and flung it to the gale  
That whistled round them. Madd'ning dance  
and song,  
The jest obscene, the eager bet, the dice  
Eventful; these, and thousand more, devised  
To kill the hours, fill'd up the varied day.

—*Carrington's Dartmoor.*



Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## LIFE IN BOHEMIA. — A SCENE IN PRAGUE.

BY GUSTAV KÜHNE.

The Wyschehrad is the cradle of Prague. It was on a cold, stormy day that I ascended this acropolis of the old heathen dukes of Bohemia. The heavy clouds swept over the city in black masses, and the rough wind seemed at one moment to drive them together in wild confusion, and at another to scatter them asunder. Yet the envious rain would not descend upon the thirsty fields, and at intervals the sun could be discerned through a cloud of fleecy vapor. In such a storm, thought I, was born the destiny of Bohemia; her history has been just such a conflict between heaven and earth.

The Wyschehrad was formerly a whole town. Now Austria has her barracks and military hospitals on the spot where Tschetch built his castle, and where stood the temples of the heathen gods. Of the fifteen churches which the Hussites burnt, one only has been rebuilt, for which Swantowid, the Slavonic war-god, has become a Saint Vitus (Sanet Vit). There is something dreary and ominous in the aspect of the dark gray rocks which border the banks of the Moldau; you can almost persuade yourself that Tschernobog, the night-god of the heathens, the black god of destruction, still lurks among their clefts. Half way down the bank of stone are some massive ruins; they are the remains of the "Bath of Libuscha." This citadel has, in times past, been the seat of love; there are love-songs of the Wyschehrad still extant, and the name of Libuscha is, in her own language, "the Lovely." But, in this land of terrors, violence mingles even with the sweetest joys. Here Libuscha, when she grew tired of her lovers, hurled them through a trap-door into the dark stream that flows beneath. Her bath, the scene of love and gaiety, was also the place of execution for the lovers of this female Bluebeard. And this Bluebeard was the renowned "Mother of Prague," the prophetess of Bohemia's greatness, who bears the name *Vates Libussa*. She chose Przemysl to be the founder of her race; she selected him from the midst of the people, and called him from the plough to share her throne. He, with wise forethought,—his name signifies the "provident,"—built the castle on the rock; his wife founded the city of Prague, at the threshold of the mountain. *Praha* is Bohemian for "threshold."

It is pleasant to find that old legends are preserved in the mouths of the people, to hear a peasant-girl singing a song of the knight Horomir and his steed Schemich, or a ballad of which the Woiwode Bretislav is the hero. But it is not well when a people has forgotten the real heroes of its history. In all Bohemia there is no song of Huss, no memorial of him, not a stone or a picture to recall him to the mind. And instead of occupying themselves with the life of that hero, the learned men write thick volumes to make the world believe that Faust and Gutenberg, the inventors of printing, were Bohemians. In the same manner they claim also Mozart, which, considering their love for him, is excusable.

For Wlasta, "the imperious," whose praises have been sung by modern poets, it may be claimed, that she was the first "emancipated" woman mentioned in history. At the death of Libuscha, the maidens of Bohemia contended for the love of the widowed Przemysl, and Wlasta, who had been the favorite attendant of the deceased, boldly demanded his hand and heart. The "provident" duke wisely rejected her offer, whereupon Wlasta, "the imperious," assembled the daughters of the country under her banner, and commenced the terrible war of the Bohemian maidens. They built a castle on the Moldau, exactly opposite to the Wyschehrad, and made devastating expeditions through the country. They put to death without mercy every adult male who fell into their hands, and cut off the thumbs of the boys, in order to incapacitate them from wielding the sword. They were not subdued until after a long and bloody war—a war of extermination between the sexes, which more resembled a fight between different races of wild beasts. The maidens' castle was taken after infinite trouble, and no joyous carousal celebrated the termination of the hard contest. The Bohemian men threw the "free maidens" out of the windows. This was the first occurrence of this action, which since that time has figured in almost every great epoch of Bohemian history.

I slowly retraced my steps to the town, and was tempted to enter into one of the coffee-houses. In all parts of the Austrian dominions, coffee-house life is an important development of national character. If you travel

hence to northern Germany, the change is very striking, and you miss the frankness and communicativeness which are here so universal. Dresden, for instance, as compared with Prague, appears to be a city of prudes and exclusives. *Æsthetical* beings have their tea-drinking coteries; but it is only in southern Germany that all ranks mix together in convivial intercourse. A degree lower than the coffee-houses, as to refinement, and a degree higher as to poetry, are the beer-houses. No scandal, no calumnious anecdotes are heard; it is but seldom, and that only where newspaper writers congregate, that politics are discussed. Women, as well as men, frequent the beer-houses, and enjoy the cool draught from the deep cellar, with laughter and social conversation.

I entered one of these houses, and found myself in the midst of a gay crowd of men, women, and children. Green fir-trees made the large hall appear like a living grove, and in the place of birds were heard the droning of the bag-pipes, or the sound of several voices singing to the accompaniment of fiddles. The boughs emit a balsamic odor, the juice of the hops is refreshing and strengthening, the music excites high hopes of joys to come in the young, and awakens sweet recollections of past pleasures in the old. When a national air is sung, the whole company join in, even the busy waiting-maid, in the midst of her dishes and bottles. "Yes, sir, yes," she answers, with a friendly nod, and goes on singing of "Love on the Wyschehrad." "Yes, sir, yes," and

"In Libuscha's golden bower,  
In our fathers' lofty tower,  
Where the rocks rise high and steep,  
Where the stream flows dark and deep,"

"Yes, sir, yes, directly."

"Love knows of joy and pleasure there,  
Knows of death and sad despair."

"Here, damsel; beer!" "Yes, sir, coming."

"Knows not love those rocky heights?  
Knows it not that deep, dark stream?  
Yet man must drink of love's delights,  
Or all too dull the world will seem!"

Suddenly the vesper-bell pealed forth from the neighboring convent, like a warning of death in the midst of the joyous sounds. The men held their hats before their faces, the women murmured their prayers, made genuflections, and crossed themselves. Single groups remained motionless, as if they were enchanted, and those around the picture of the Virgin had fallen upon their knees. What a change from gaiety to gloom! almost as striking as it is in the Pole, who oscillates between the

deepest melancholy and the wildest indulgence in sensual pleasures.

I contemplated the female figures by which I was surrounded. Is the beauty of the Bohemian women a German or a Bohemian beauty? Here we approach the great question of races. Those large dark eyes cannot be considered to be what we mean by the word *Germanic*. Might not those strong, thick-set figures, with that bold outline of the limbs, act the part of Amazons? Yonder maiden, with that scornful expression of countenance, and that ruddy glow upon her dark face, might she not be another *Wlasta*, and proclaim war against all men? Or might not the prophetic glance of *Libuscha* lurk behind the thick black eyebrows of yonder proud peasant-girl? The Bohemian men are all either very handsome or very ugly. Among the women there are two distinct races. One of these is of that stout, short make, which prevails in countries that possess a mixed *Slavonic* and German population, such as *Lusatia*; these mostly have a peevish and dissatisfied expression, which, however, speedily gives place to one of great excitement and pleasure, when they engage in the dance, and their sluggish blood becomes heated. More rare, but of wonderful beauty, is the other race; of a tall, graceful, and almost majestic figure, with an oval face, and soft lustrous eyes; pride and strength, energy and daring, seem to be slumbering under the patient expression of their features. The old faith, virtue and courage of the people appear to have found a quiet asylum in the hearts of the women, and to be there waiting for a call to arise once more. Among the men these qualities have degenerated into vice and idleness. It is always among its women that a degenerate people preserves some few remains of its former greatness. In Bohemia each individual, as well as the people collectively, has lost all self-esteem, all faith and confidence in itself. The corruption of morals, which in Vienna and Prague is loosening all the bands of society, has its origin in the consciousness of crippled energies, which has rendered the men weak and powerless, unable to take a part in the great destiny of their age. It is only in the hearts of the women that there remains yet something of the strength of former times. There is the best possible evidence of the beauty of the sex in times past. The female figures in Titian's paintings are generally supposed to be Venetian beauties. This is a mistake; it was among the women of Bohemia that he found the glory of womanly strength, majesty, and courage, which he has personified in a *Judith*. Titian passed five years at the court of Charles V., and it was from the

women of Prague that he borrowed his ideas of female beauty.

The guests were muttering their evening prayers, as I pursued these reflections, and I observed that several were stealthily watching me, because I continued to sit upright in my chair. In Catholic countries I never conceal that I am a heretic. In the churches, with the incense burning, and the music sounding through the aisles, and the beauty of old pictures dazzling my eyes, I am apt to forget myself, and to bend my knees. But in the tavern, with a can of beer before me, I like to show the people that I am a heretic. I like to argue with them, not in order to convince them of absurdity, and to prove the excellence of my own belief, but simply in order to explain to them, in spite of my own reason, the poetry of their faith, and to give some sense to their dull, unmeaning words. I think that if they will but engage in controversy, and begin to comprehend the poetical, symbolical import of their profession, they will soon learn to separate the chaff from the sound, wholesome grain. But in Catholic countries one finds either a timid reserve, which is only capable of the blindest idolatry, or else that frivolous indifference which has thrown off entirely the ties of religion. Among Catholic priests I have found the worst disciples of Voltaire, ridiculing the forms of religion, but imposing them as a yoke upon the people, because they do not believe in the efficacy of any other means for holding society together. In Protestantism they see nothing but a searching criticism, which would expose to the people the fallacy of what they teach.

Opposite to me at the table sat a man with a strange countenance, who was anything but zealous in the performance of his devotions, and who seemed to observe with a malicious kind of pleasure that I took no part in the praying. He had an old, wrinkled, weather-beaten face, with bristly hair, and deep-set, twinkling eyes. There was a kind of crafty delight in the look with which he continued to regard me; he seemed to rejoice in the presence of a heretic, and yet to despise him. As I examined him more minutely, I said to myself, "If there were but a Teniers here;" the whole figure of the old man, with his filthy face, matted beard, and ragged smock-frock, was a genuine type of the Slavonic character, a true national model for a picture in dark-brown dingy colors; at his feet was lying a huge mastiff, apparently asleep. He drank glass after glass, but remained quite sober, and as he continued to fix his eyes upon me, I began to fear that I had given offence by not observing the usual form of praying, and said in

a low voice, "Well, neighbor, why do you stare thus; did you never see a heretic before?"

The old man grinned at me, and said, thoughtfully, "A heretic! what is a heretic?"

Yes, thought I, that is the great question; which of us is the heretic before God, you or I? "You must surely know," I replied, "what a heretic is; a man who drinks wine at the communion, and yet believes in God."

The old man started up wildly; "who," he cried with a loud voice, "who has drunk the wine in the cup?" He stood there like a lion ready to defend itself against an attack; the mastiff, believing his master in danger, had started up, and was growling at me, and the other guests looked on with surprise and curiosity. Fortunately, the music struck up in the adjoining room for the dance, and the scene came to an end amidst the tumult of laughing, singing, romping and waltzing, and the loud tones of fiddles and trombones. "I did not mean any offence," said I to the old man. I felt certain that I saw before me one of the sect of Utraquists, who receive the Lord's Supper in both kinds. He sat down, and I continued, "I had no thought of disturbing you; I am of the same faith as yourself."

The old man uttered something which was, I suppose, Bohemian. "Are you a Protestant?" I asked, in a low voice—"a Lutheran?—a Calvinist?"

He shook his head scornfully. "Are there yet Hussites among you?" I asked eagerly; "it is said that there is still in Bohemia even a secret sect of Adamites, so-called, Red Brethren, who instead of wine drink blood from the sacramental cup."

"Who drinks?" cried the old man again; and the dark vein swelled once more upon his brown forehead.

"Heretics drink of the cup," I answered, not knowing what to make of the man; "but heretics may be as good Christians as those who do not drink."

"If they drink because they are thirsty, they may do it if they please; but if they drink as heretics, God may punish them, as he will; but no man can help being thirsty." He emptied his tankard, and violently slammed down the lid.

"I should not have thought," I observed, looking at him with surprise, "that you would entertain such harsh sentiments of heretics, and think that only Roman Catholics can be saved. I was mistaken in you."

"What of heretics and Roman Catholics?" he muttered, peevishly; "it is all one."

All one! I had indeed mistaken the man. Now I plainly discerned in his countenance the old sulky indolence which distinguishes



the stubborn Bohemian; the darkness of immoveable fatalism, which will take no part in anything, because it is totally devoid of interest for all. "It is all one!" That is the watchword; the conclusion of every argument; the darling sentiment of all who live under the sceptre of Austria. I tremble when I reflect upon this stagnation of energies; it seems to me like a motionless sea, beneath the smooth surface of which are slumbering fearful monsters. Who can tell what forms of horror will come to light, when a storm arises to agitate those deceitful depths?

A good-natured looking man stepped up to me as I turned away from my strange companion, and advised me not to have much to say to him. "If he ever had any sense," he remarked, "he has destroyed it by drinking." I now obtained an explanation of the mystery. The old man had been sexton in several village churches, and had been discharged from them all. He had been found a very useful servant; but wherever he had been, the supply of sacramental wine had been stolen. He drank whatever he could find, and did not even spare the consecrated element upon the altar. Admonition, rebuke, penance, were in vain; and the parish priests had all been obliged to send him about his business.

"Thus, then, you are situated with regard to the doctrine *sub utraque*," said I; "a drunkard is your last and only Hussite."

"The last! the only one!" answered my good-natured friend: but a frown gathered upon his forehead.

"Are there any more in Bohemia, among the mountains?" I asked.

"Back there;" he said, with a motion of his hand and the expression of one who points to something that is lost.

"The Protestant faith," said I, "was once the national faith of Bohemia, purchased with precious blood. Two thirds of the people were Protestant."

"It is all one," said the good man, and turned his back. All one! again the conclusion of Austrian logic. A religious war is certainly an evil; but surely if with the loss of faith, all freedom of thought, and all activity of the noblest powers have disappeared, then a conflict of spirits would be a blessing, as compared with this universal intellectual death.

This thought made me melancholy, and I sought distraction in the adjoining room, where they were dancing polka, waltz, and rodowak. There was nothing in the music to soothe my feelings; they dance even their national dance to Viennese music. Strauss, Lanner, and Labitzki, were played; not a single Bohemian melody.

I looked round for the old man, and saw a girl standing by him, whom I had previously observed traversing the room, and inviting the various groups, by nods and signs, to purchase the goods which she offered for sale. She was of the short, stout race of Bohemian women, the dazzling white of her face and neck seemed at variance with the fullness of her form; her dark auburn tresses, partly confined with a large pin, hung down her back; and glass beads ornamented her throat. Her whole manner betrayed something very like to the timidity of a wild animal, which had been hunted from its lair.

It was clear that she stood in some relation to the old man; for she gave him the money that she had received, which he counted and put into an old leathern purse; in the meanwhile she drank with almost greedy eagerness from his cup. As I entered, she came towards me and held out the bundle of Dschischka-canes, which she had for sale. The head of Dschischka, the old Hussite warrior, with his helmet, and a bandage over his right eye, in which he was blind, was carved in wood, so as to form the handle of each of these canes.

"I should prefer a Dschischka-song," said I, "cannot you sing a song of the blind hero?"

She shook her head. "She does not speak," said the old man, as I was about to address her again.

"Does she only speak Bohemian?" I asked.

"She does not speak at all," he replied, and laid his finger on his mouth.

"Dumb?" — "Miserable," he muttered, "driven away, cast out, because she cannot confess what weighs upon her mind."

I looked at her again, and I thought that I discerned in her figure the reason of her timid manner. At this moment a young dandy, one of those who come among the people because they can there gratify their passions at a cheap rate, had seized her arm and tried to draw her into the circle of the dancers. She resisted, and as he put his arm around her waist, he exclaimed to the bystanders, "Why should she refuse to dance? we all know that Kascha is no prude."

The maiden regarded him with a look as fixed as that of a marble statue; but he would not leave her, and again threw his arm around her in order to draw her towards him. In a moment, like a Judith who sees her victim ready, she hurled him from her and brandished her bundle of canes. A severe blow on the forehead felled him to the ground, and as he sank down with a loud cry, he dragged with him one of the bystanders, whose arm he caught in trying to save himself. A couple of

dancers, who came racing along, stumbled and fell over those who were already down, a second couple followed, and in a moment there was a *melée* of persons screaming, struggling, and rolling over each other on the floor. The music ceased, and all the guests crowded together to see what had happened. For a time the maiden with the canes appeared to have been forgotten, but soon her name was exclaimed aloud. It was the young man whom she had struck down; he had risen and cried out "it is the mad Kascha; hold her fast, she shall suffer for it."

The old man and the girl had taken refuge in a corner behind a table. He was grasping a huge knotted stick in his right hand, prepared for the attack, and the great shaggy mastiff had leaped upon the table, and was looking inquiringly from his master to the gathering crowd, uncertain, as it seemed, whether he ought to assume the offensive or not. I had the presentiment of a bloody tumult, but I had no alternative, and I ranged myself on the side of the weaker party, on the side of the girl who had undeservedly been insulted. The host, a heavy, broad shouldered fellow, with sleeves turned up, and a pair of fists which inspired great confidence, joined our forces with one or two of the waiters; we stood between the table and the advancing multitude, who were mostly armed with legs of stools. "Give up the mad Kascha! throw the girl out of the window," was shouted by many voices. Throwing out of the window is still the national *ultima ratio* in Bohemia. I said a few words to the host who seemed somewhat undecided, in order to arouse in him a sense of honor. "But," he whispered in my ear, "the girl does not bear the best character."—"No matter," said I, "she was repelling unprovoked insolence." I mounted a chair, and endeavored to make myself heard, but was assailed with cries of "Njemetz, Njemetz!" a term of reproach for Germans. "No matter," I cried, "whether German or Bohemian; it would be inhuman to punish a maiden who defended herself with her own hand against an impudent aggressor."

At this moment the door opened, and a body of policemen entered. The sight of these armed pacificators was instantaneously effectual. The Bohemians dispersed, and were perhaps well pleased to deliver up the persecuted maiden to the guardians of the public peace. But this was no longer possible; Kascha had mounted from the table upon the window-sill, and had jumped out of the open window. When the attention of the public was again turned in that direction, the dog was in the act of following, and a loud

shout of laughter broke the sudden silence which the entrance of the policemen had created. No one thought of pursuing her, and the host with a few of the more sensible guests easily succeeded in restoring peace. There was no charge against the old man, who returned to his seat, finished his tankard, and then, after paying his score, left the house unmolested.

A brilliant moon was pouring a flood of light over the slumbering streets of Prague, as I sallied forth to return to my home. Unmindful of my purpose, I strolled towards the river, and found myself standing upon the bridge of the Moldau. The lights were reflected in the stream; the gray spire of the cathedral, towering above the terrace-like bastions of the palaces, seemed to reach up into the silver night. I leaned against the parapet and thought of the glorious past of Prague, and of her miserable present destiny.

Before the niche of Saint Nepomucius, on the bridge, two figures were discernible. The one had climbed up to the statue, perhaps to place there another light in honor of the saint. Several tapers were already burning on both sides of the stone shrine. A shaggy dog was standing with his fore paws against the parapet, and watching her intently. In the middle of the footpath stood a man in a ragged mantle and a broad-brimmed hat. I approached and recognized the old sexton. "You here?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

He pointed to the girl who was standing on the parapet by the side of the image, with her eyes fixed upon the saint. "Do not disturb her," he said, anxiously; "she comes here every night to say her prayers. She is considered dishonored by men, but it is all one!"

"Does the girl belong to you?" I asked.

"My daughter," he said, and cast a look of defiance at me. I laid my hand upon his shoulder, and he understood my honest sympathy.

"She was a servant in the house of the rich prelate yonder," he muttered. "One of the kinsmen feigned love for her, deceived and deserted her. First made unhappy, then pronounced dishonored; that is the way of the world. Since then she has become dumb, has lost the faculty of speech from shame and fear. And because she cannot confess,—she cannot speak, you see,—she cannot obtain absolution, and does not know where to seek help. But it is all one!"

The maiden was now standing so close to the edge of the parapet, that a single false step would have precipitated her into the stream below. "For God's sake—" I whispered to the old man. "No danger," he replied,

quietly; "the dog will take care of her." The faithful animal was indeed close behind her, and had now seized the skirt of her dress between his teeth.

"She will make away with herself," I said, tremblingly. "No danger," answered the old man again; "she cannot be saved, if she dies without absolution." How terrible, when this is the only feeling which restrains from suicide!

Kascha had leaned over the edge of the parapet, as though she would measure the height of the arch down to the very bed of the river. Then she stepped back, looked up to the pure moon, as if to seek aid and understanding, and bowed her head once more before the image of the saint, muttering unintelligible words. They were sounds as if she had lost all human speech, and was in search of another, which she could not yet find. Then she turned round, laid her hand upon the dog's head, and leaped upon the ground. The creature howled for joy, and seemed to understand its duty better than either of us. It seized the bundle of canes which was lying on the

ground, and set out on its homeward way. I knew not what to do, except to put the small sum of money which I had by me, into the old man's hand. It is ill when man has nothing to give but a piece of money; but it is yet worse when the want of it is the cause of misery among men, and the source of what we upbraid as sin.

I returned home, and the three companions went in the opposite direction; their dwelling was among the wretched hovels which lie along the bank of the river. Kascha crossed herself and bent once more before the image of the saint, on quitting the spot, and the old man turned round and made a motion with his hand, as though he would say, "It is all one; there is no help for her." I stood yet a moment on the spot where the holy John, the Catholic hero, was hurled into the Moldau by the lawless Wenzel, angels looking down upon him from heaven the while, and calling him to them. The dog, and a half-witted drunkard,—no angels,—were the only guardians of poor Kascha.—*Europa*.

#### MARY BARTON. — A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

How far it may be kind, wise, or right, to make fiction the vehicle for a plain and matter-of-fact exposition of social evils, is a question of limitations which will not be unanimously settled in our time. The theory and practice of "Agitation" are, as all the world knows, adjusted by a sliding scale, on which "Choleric word," and Flat "Blasphemy" indicate every conceivable degree of heat and excitement, according to conscience, convenience, or chances of success—as may be. But we have met with few pictures of life among the working classes at once so forcible and so fair as "Mary Barton." The truth of it is terrible. The writer is superior to melo-dramatic seductions, and has described misery, temptation, distress, and shame, as they really exist. Only twice has he (?) had recourse to the worn-out machinery of the novelist,—and then he has used it with a master's hand. But he is excellent in the anatomy of feelings and motives, in the display of character, in the life-like, and simple use of dialogue;—and the result is, a painful interest, very rare in our experience.

The events of the tale are of the commonest quality. John Barton is a factory operative,

with a delicate and pretty daughter, who has longings for fine-lady-ism. Her mother's death has been hastened by anxieties concerning a sister—a coarser Effie Deans; and this calamity is the first of many which sour the widower. Mary, being admitted as a milliner's work-woman, becomes the object of pursuit to a rich manufacturer's son; and her head is turned for a passing moment by his flatteries, to the point of making her reject the love of a young engine-maker, Jem Wilson, who has courted her honestly and long. For this fit of coquetry she is doomed to suffer deeply. Meanwhile, her father's fortunes are sorely darkened by bad times. He becomes sullen—savage—and listens to the worst counsels of the wildest agitators. From the collision of so many elements of disturbance, crime is pretty sure to be struck out. But here we leave the plot of the story, since its nature must be guessed by the experienced, while fresher readers would not thank us for forestalling interest. The accessory characters are touched with the fidelity of a daguerreotype. Wilson's irritable, exacting mother—her true woman's heart setting her fractionness to rights—placid, religious Alice—the shameless milliner's apprentice



Sally—and the poor castaway Esther have very seldom been surpassed. Many tears have been wept over *Nancy Sykes* in "*Oliver Twist*,"—but there is nothing in the tragedy of her life and death, in deep, dreary sadness, surpassing the scene where the outcast visits her niece at midnight; counterfeiting respectability, swallowing down hunger, and concealing her own cravings for commiseration and help, in order that she may rescue her sister's child from her own fearful lot. For power, delicacy, and nature, it is a masterpiece.

The author of "*Mary Barton*," however, is not of necessity confined to distress in Art. He has a power over what is quaint and whimsical, no less than over the deepest emotions of pity and terror. We must treat the reader to a tea-party:—premising that Will, "the lion" of it, is a sailor just come home from foreign parts, with his kit crammed full of travellers' tales, suited to an unscientific audience. In place of this, however, he has to satisfy Job Legh, one of those exact and eager collectors in Natural History, who are so frequent in manufacturing towns:—

"While he moved about he was deeply engaged in conversation with the young sailor, trying to extract from him any circumstances connected with the natural history of the different countries he had visited. 'Oh! if you are fond of grubs, and flies, and beetles, there's no place for 'em like Sierra Leone; I wish you'd had some of ours; we had rather too much of a good thing; we drank them with our drink, and could scarcely keep from eating them with our food. I never thought any folk could care for such fat green beasts as those, or I would ha' brought you them by the thousand. A plate full o' peas soup would ha' been full enough for you, I dare say; it were often too full for us.'—'I would ha' given a good deal for some on 'em,' said Job.—'Well, I knew folk at home liked some of the queer things one meets with abroad; but I never thought they'd care for them nasty slimy things. I were always on the look-out for a mermaid, for that I knew were a curiosity.'—'You might ha' looked long enough,' said Job, in an under tone of contempt, which, however, the quick ears of the sailor caught. 'Not so long, master, in some latitudes, as you think. It stands to reason th' sea hereabouts is too cold for mermaids; for women here do n't go half naked on account of climate. But I've been in lands where muslin were too hot wear on land, and where the sea were more than milk-warm; and though I'd never the good luck to see a mermaid in that latitude, I know them that has.'—'Do tell us about it,' cried Mary.—'Pooh, pooh!' said Job, the naturalist.—Both speeches determined Will to go on with his story. What could a fellow who had never been many miles from home know about the wonders of the deep, that he should put him down in that way? 'Well, it were Jack Harris, our third mate, last voyage, as many and many a time telled us all about it. You see he were becalmed off Chatham Island (that 's in the Great Pacific, and a warm enough latitude for mermaids, and sharks,

and such like perils). So some of the men took the long boat, and pulled for the island to see what it were like; and when they got near, they heard a puffing, like a creature come up to take breath; you've never heard a diver? No! well! you've heard folks in th' asthma, and it were for all the world like that. So they looked around, and what should they see but a mermaid, sitting on a rock, and sunning herself. The water is always warmer when its rough, you know, so I suppose in the calm she felt it rather chilly, and had come up to warm herself.'—'What was she like?' asked Mary, breathlessly.—Job took his pipe off the chimney piece and began to smoke with very audible puffs, as if the story were not worth listening to.—'Oh! Jack used to say she was for all the world as beautiful as the wax ladies in the barbers' shops; only, Mary, there were one little difference, her hair was bright grass green.'—'I should not think that was pretty,' said Mary, hesitatingly; as if not liking to doubt the perfection of anything belonging to such an acknowledged beauty.—'Oh! but it is when you're used to it. I always think when first we get sight of land, there's no color so lovely as grass green. However, she had green hair, sure enough; and were proud enough of it, too; for she were combing it out full length when first they saw her. They all thought she were a fair prize, and may be as good as a whale in ready money, (they were whale-fishers you know). For some folk think a deal of mermaids, whatever other folk do.' This was a hit at Job, who retaliated in a series of sonorous spittings and puffs.—'So, as I were saying, they pulled towards her, thinking to catch her. She were all the while combing her beautiful hair, and beckoning to them, while with the other hand she held a looking-glass.'—'How many hands had she?' asked Job.—'Two, to be sure, just like any other woman,' answered Will, indignantly.—'Oh! I thought you said she beckoned with one hand, and combed her hair with another, and held a looking-glass with a third,' said Job, with provoking quietness.—'No! I did n't! at least if I did, I meant she did one thing after another, as any one but (here he mumbled a word or two) 'could understand. Well, Mary,' turning very decidedly towards her; 'when she saw them coming near, whether it were she grew frightened at their fowling-pieces, as they had on board, for a bit o' shooting on the island, or whether it were she were just a fickle jade as did not rightly know her own mind (which, seeing one half of her was woman, I think myself was most probable), but when they were only about two oars' length from the rock where she sat, down she plopped into the water, leaving nothing but her hinder end of a fish tail sticking up for a minute, and then that disappeared too.'—'And did they never see her again?' asked Mary.—'Never so plain: the man who had the second watch one night, declared he saw her swimming round the ship, and holding up her glass for him to look in; and when he saw the little cottage near Aber in Wales (where his wife lived) as plain as ever he saw it in life, and his wife standing outside, shading her eyes, as if she were looking for him. But Jack Harris gave him no credit, for he said he were always a bit of a romancer, and beside that, were a home-sick, down-hearted chap.'—'I wish they had caught her,' said Mary, musing.—'They got one thing as belonged to her,' replied Will, 'and that I've of-

ten seen with my own eyes, and I reckon it's a sure proof of their story, for them that wants proof.'—'What was it?' asked Margaret, almost anxious her grandfather should be convinced.—'Why, in her hurry, she left her comb on the rock, and one o' the men spied it; so they thought that were better than nothing, and they rowed there and took it, and Jack Harris had it on board the *John Cropper*, and I saw him comb his hair with it every Sunday morning.'—'What was it like?' asked Mary, eagerly, her imagination running on coral combs, studded with pearls.—'Why, if it had not had such a strange yarn belonging to it, you'd never ha' noticed it from any other small-tooth comb.'—'I should rather think not,' sneered Job Legh.—The sailor bit his lip to keep down his anger against an old man. Margaret felt very uneasy, knowing her grandfather so well, and not daring to guess what caustic remark might come next to irritate the young sailor guest. Mary, however, was too much interested by the wonders of the deep, to perceive the incredulity with which Job Legh received Wilson's account of the mermaid; and when he left off, half offended, and very much inclined not to open his lips again through the evening, she very eagerly said,—'Oh, do tell us something more of what you hear and see on board ship. Do, Will!'—'What's the use, Mary, if folk won't believe one. There are things I saw with my own eyes, that some people would pish and pshaw at, as if I were a baby to be put down by cross noises. But I'll tell you, Mary,' with an emphasis on *you*, 'some more of the wonders of the sea, sin' you're not too wise to believe me. I have seen a fish fly.—This did stagger Mary. She had heard of mermaids as signs of inns, and as sea-wonders, but never of flying fish. Not so Job. He put down his pipe, and nodding his head as a token of approbation, he said,—'Ay, ay, young man. Now you're speaking truth.'—'Well, now! you'll swallow that, old gentleman. You'll credit me when I say I've seen a critter half fish, half bird, and you won't credit me when I say there be such beasts as mermaids, half fish, half woman. To me, one's just as strange as another.'—'You never saw the mermaid yourself,' interposed Margaret, gently. But 'love me, love my dog,' was Will Wilson's motto, only his version was 'believe me, believe Jack Harris;' and the remark was not so soothing to him as it was intended to have been.—'It's the *Exocetus*; one of the *Malacopterygii Abdominales*,' said Job, much interested.—'Ay, there you go! You're one of them folks as never knows beasts unless they're called out o' their names. Put 'em in Sunday clothes, and you know 'em, but in their work-a-day English you never know naught about 'em. I've met wi' many o' your kidney; and if I'd ha' known it, I'd a christened poor Jack's mermaid wi' some grand gibberish of a name. Mermaidicus Jack Harrisensis; that's just like their new-fangled words. D'ye believe there's such a thing as the Mermaidicus, master?' asked Will, enjoying his own joke uncommonly, as most people do.—'Not I! tell me about the—'—'Well!' said Will, pleased at having excited the old gentleman's faith and credit, at last. 'It were on this last voyage, about a day's sail from Madeira, that one of our men—'—'Not Jack Harris, I hope,' muttered Job.—'Called me,' continued Will, not noticing the interruption, 'to see the what d'ye

call it—flying fish I say it is. It were twenty feet out o' water, and it flew near on to a hundred yards. But I say, old gentleman, I ha' gotten one dried, and if you'll take it, why, I'll give it you; only,' he added in a lower tone, 'I wish you'd just give me credit for the mermaidicus.'—I really believe if the assuming faith in the story of the mermaid had been made the condition of receiving the flying fish, Job Legh, sincere man as he was, would have pretended belief; he was so much delighted at the idea of possessing this specimen."

Job's blind daughter Margaret, possesses a great reputation in "her own circle," as a songstress; and by way of courteous return for the proffered flying-fish, she is desired to let her voice be heard. This has the effect upon the dashing sailor of a real syren song.

"Mary was amused to see how the young sailor sat entranced; mouth, eyes, all open, in order to catch every breath of sound. His very lids refused to wink, as if afraid in that brief proverbial interval to lose a particle of the rich music that floated through the room. \* \* Job, too, was rapidly changing his opinion of his new guest. The flying fish went a great way, and his undisguised admiration for Margaret's singing, carried him still farther. It was amusing enough to see these two within the hour so barely civil to each other, endeavoring now to be ultra-agreeable. Will, as soon as he had taken breath, (a long deep gasp of admiration) after Margaret's song, sidled up to Job, and asked him in a sort of doubting tone, 'You wouldn't like a live Manx cat, would you, master?'—'A what?' exclaimed Job.—'I don't know its best name,' said Will humbly.—'But we call 'em just Manx cats. They're cats without tails.' Now Job, in all his natural history, had never heard of such animals; so Will continued, 'Because I'm going afore joining my ship, to see mother's friends in the island, and I would gladly bring you one, if so be you'd like to have it. They look as queer, and out o' nature as flying fish, or,'—he gulped the words down that should have followed. 'Especially when you see 'em walking a roof top, right again the sky, when a cat, as is a proper cat, is sure to stick her tail stiff out behind, like a slack-rope dancer a-balancing, but these cats having no tail, cannot stick it out, which captivates some people uncommonly. If you'll allow me, I'll bring one for Miss there, jerking his head at Margaret. Job assented with grateful curiosity, wishing much to see the tailless phenomenon."

Honest Will's gratitude is unparagoned. What has been said and shown, we imagine, will direct not a few readers—and those of the best class—to the tale we must now leave. In yet another respect, "Mary Barton" deserves praise. The author has made use of the Lancashire dialect—a vigorous and raecy, but in some districts scarcely intelligible *patois*,—with ease, spirit, and nicety in selection. By all who have paid any attention to kindred subjects—and, as an instance, have compared Sir Walter's Scotch with the Scotch of any other northern novelist—this will be accepted as commendation.—*Athenæum*.

## COLLECTANEA.

## AN INDEFATIGABLE TEACHER.

In the commencement of this century, in the parish of Alsace, which contains 600 or 700 inhabitants, there was a teacher who, of his own accord, had organized his school very much in the manner I have been describing. I received my own first instruction from him, and what I have now to say—inspired by gratitude as much as by the desire of being useful—is only the faithful expression of my remembrances. The grave has long covered the mortal remains of James Toussaint, but his memory lives in the hearts of his pupils, who never pass his tomb without experiencing the greatest emotion, and bowing with respect. His school consisted of 120 pupils; the teacher, a descendant of one of the numerous Protestant families who had taken refuge in Alsace, had not received any other education than was then given in ordinary schools. He had learned the trade of joiner, and wrought at the Ban de la Roche, where a worthy rival of the pastor Oberlin, struck with his capacity and vocation for teaching, gave him lessons and excellent advice, and placed him at the head of a school, where, under his direction, he was initiated in the profession of teacher. From that position he was called to the one whose organization I am now about to describe. Early in the morning—from five to seven in summer, and from six to eight in winter—he instructed the pupils in the first division; those from twelve to fourteen years of age. After them came the others in assembled classes, who received four hours' teaching each day. At five o'clock in the evening he held what he called the French school, which was a sort of innovation—French not being generally taught in Alsace at that period. After the school for French, at which a considerable number of adults attended, there was in winter, from seven to nine, an arithmetical class for young persons; and thus did this indefatigable man teach ten hours a day in winter, and eight hours a day at least throughout the year. Nor was this all; there were, besides, about ten children from ten to fourteen years of age, who, in order to be more thoroughly instructed, spent the whole day in the school house, under the superintendence of the teacher and his wife, who assisted him greatly in his undertakings. By degrees he formed a sort of boarding-school at his own house, and something like a normal school, from which came many distinguished teachers, some of whom still live. Toussaint was also organist and notary of the

mayoralty, and fulfilled all his duties with the greatest fidelity. When I add that this energetic man was a prey to a painful malady, arising from no fault of his, but from a defective organization, which every day at the same hour caused him great suffering, it will be seen what can be effected by means of few materials, and even little science, provided that zeal is joined with some ability, and, above all, with love of one's vocation. The career of Toussaint was short: he died in 1811, scarcely forty years of age; but his work survives in his pupils, in the generation he has formed.—*Willm on Education.*

## ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

Among the revolutions of the present year, which the English journals have not had time to chronicle, we find one mentioned in our German publications, the fame of which deserves to be more widely spread.

Harpstedt is a small Hanoverian town on the borders of that vast tract of barren moor, called the "Lüneburger Heide," extending over a large part of the kingdom, the inhabitants of which cling with desperate tenacity to the simplicity, rudeness and ignorance of their ancestors. We know a gentleman who, while travelling in this region, was obliged to halt for the night at a country inn, which contained no provisions of any kind except very hard and coarse black bread. But it was some time before he could enjoy even this delicacy, inasmuch as the only knife belonging to the establishment was missing; finally, however, it was discovered in the farm yard, where the proprietor was scraping the mud from his boots with it.

The inhabitants of Harpstedt had followed from times immemorial the natural but unæsthetic custom of placing their manure heaps in the public street, immediately in front of their houses. A year or two ago, however, an upstart radical became burgomaster, who issued a tyrannical ordinance, making the removal of the manure heaps and the cleansing of the streets imperative upon the citizens. The Hanoverians are a patient people, and they submitted in silence; the burgomaster's delicate olfactory nerves were no longer offended as he walked to the town-hall. But endurance has its limits; about three months since the news of the revolutions at Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, became known in Harpstadt through the post master, who has a cousin



at Lüneburg. For some days mysterious whisperings were observed to be going on in the streets, and the company at the beerhouse was unusually numerous and noisy. At last, one Saturday afternoon, it was proclaimed that a revolution had broken out; a barricade was erected consisting of three waggons and an old chaise, and "the people" ensconced themselves behind it. Here they remained for more than an hour, when finding that they had smoked out their pipes, and that nobody came to dislodge them, they marched in a body to the house of the tyrant burgomaster, who speedily appeared at his window and humbly demanded their pleasure. "We want our dung-heaps back before our doors," was the unanimous reply. "You shall have them, my friends," exclaimed the terrified burgomaster, and anything else that you may wish. What can I do for you besides?"—"Nothing more," shouted the delighted patriots; "freedom and our dung-heaps forever! that is all we want."

#### CONSEQUENCES OF A MILL FIRE IN MANCHESTER.

John Barton was not far wrong in his idea that the Messrs. Carson would not be over-much grieved for the consequences of the fire in their mill. They were well insured; the machinery lacked the improvements of late years, and worked but poorly in comparison with that which might now be procured. Above all, trade was very slack; cottons could find no market, and goods lay packed and piled in many a warehouse. The mills were merely worked to keep the machinery, human and mental, in some kind of order and readiness for better times. So this was an excellent time, Messrs. Carson thought, for refitting their factory with first-rate improvements, for which the insurance money would amply pay. They were in no hurry about the business, however. The weekly drain of wages given for labor, useless in the present state of the market, was stopped. The partners had more leisure than they had known for years; and promised wives and daughters all manner of pleasant excursions, as soon as the weather should become more genial. It was a pleasant thing to be able to lounge over breakfast with a review or newspaper in hand; to have time for becoming acquainted with agreeable and accomplished daughters, on whose education no money had been spared, but whose fathers, shut up during a long day with calicoes and accounts, had so seldom had leisure to enjoy their daughters' talents. There were happy family evenings, now that the men of business had time for domestic enjoyments. There is

another side to the picture. There were homes over which Carsons' fire threw a deep, terrible gloom; the homes of those who would fain work, and no man gave unto them—the homes of those to whom leisure was a curse. There, the family music was hungry wails, when week after week passed by, and there was no work to be had, and consequently no wages to pay for the bread the children cried aloud for in their young impatience of suffering. There was no breakfast to lounge over; their lounge was taken in bed, to try and keep warmth in them that bitter March weather, and, by being quiet, to deaden the gnawing wolf within. Many a penny that would have gone little way enough in oatmeal or potatoes, bought opium to still the hungry little ones, and make them forget their uneasiness in heavy troubled sleep. It was mother's mercy. The evil and the good of our nature came out strongly then. There were desperate fathers; there were bitter-tongued mothers (O God! what wonder!); there were reckless children; the very closest bonds of nature were snapped in that time of trial and distress. There was Faith such as the rich can never imagine on earth; there was "Love strong as death;" and self-denial, among rude coarse men, akin to that of Sir Philip Sydney's most glorious deed. The vices of the poor sometimes astound us *here*; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree. Of this I am certain.—*Mary Barton, a tale of Manchester life.*

#### LAW BEYOND SENSE OR TRUTH.

If you tell a lie, stick to it. If you do wrong, continue in wrong doing. If you rob Paul, rob Peter also, for the sake of consistency. This would appear to be the doctrine laid down by the Attorney-General when pleading a cause in court a day or two ago. He maintained that if the judges had decided a point of law, they were bound ever afterwards to adhere to that decision, although they should subsequently find that they were wrong,—as it was of far more consequence that their decision should be consistent, than that uncertainty should exist in the minds of counsels when advising their clients, and thus suitors be misled. Mr. Porter added that this might be objected to by superficial reasoners, but all deep thinkers would agree with it. The opinion thus laid down, being only the statement of a counsel in behalf of his client, would not have been considered of much importance, if it had not been heartily assented to, and evidently much relished by the judges.—*Cape Town Mail.*

## THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

"Now, it is by an absurd error, my dear boy, that the heart, even looking at it in the light of art, is believed to be little susceptible of culture or development. The heart, like the speech, is developed, is kindled, grows and strengthens by exercise; action gives it tact and experience; the fulfilment of duties gives it dignity and seriousness; struggles exalt its sentiments and increase its force; misfortune, if it does not embitter, purifies it; it enriches it with melancholy, with pity, with depth, with sensibility—warm, penetrating, irresistible. He who said that great thoughts came from the heart—he who said that to have taste required to have soul, included in these two aphorisms the whole theory of eloquence; and if he had added, 'Cultivate this heart, therefore, by the practice of the difficult virtues; cultivate this soul, not by empty studies, by barren precepts, by precocious essays in prose or in poetry, not by learning, but by the practice of goodness,'—he would have given the briefest, the most complete, and at the same time the most luminous and most fruitful of treatises."

*Rodolph Töpfer.*

## PRESENT STATE OF HOLLAND.

Although under Napoleon their commerce was nearly annihilated, that statesman will be greatly in error, who classes the kingdom of Holland among those which now stand low in political consequence. There are great riches still in Holland. It is a country in which there is less suffering than in any other in the world: there are no poor rates; yet those in distress are better sheltered, clad, and fed, than in any other part of Europe. Benevolent institutions for all necessary aid, whether to the orphan, the sick, the blind, or the lame, are found in every town in Holland. The principles under which all is managed are, no waste, no extravagance, no jobbing in the direction; that all who eat, if in health, must work, and for all who can work there is no excuse for being idle, as the municipal administrations are always prepared to employ the unoccupied. Beggary is there a profession that cannot be allowed."

*Mac Gregor's Holland.*

## THE RAILWAY SYSTEM SUGGESTED.

A striking suggestion of the extension of railway communication into a "system," as connecting lines are now called, will be found in Sir R. Phillips' "Morning's Walk from London to Kew," published in 1813. On reaching the Surrey Iron Railway, at Wadsworth, Sir Richard records: "I found renewed delight in witnessing at this place the economy of

horse labor on the iron railway; yet a heavy sigh escaped me as I thought of the inconceivable millions which have been spent about Malta, four or five of which might have been the means of extending double lines of iron railway from London to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Holyhead, Milford, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Dover, and Portsmouth! A reward of a single thousand would have supplied coaches and other vehicles, of various degrees of speed, with the best tackle for readily turning out; and we might, ere this, have witnessed our mail coaches running at the rate of ten miles an hour, drawn by a single horse, or impelled fifteen miles an hour by Blenkinsop's steam-engines. Such would have been a legitimate motive for overstepping the income of a nation; and the completion of so great and useful a work would have afforded rational ground for public triumph in general jubilees!"—*Manchester Exam.*

## THE KINDLY GERMANS.

"Gellert's Fables," says a memoir of that writer, "appeared between the years 1740—1750—a time of literary drought in Germany. They were received everywhere with enthusiasm, and soon became the book of the nation. By their means Herr Gellert made his way into every heart in every family, of all classes and conditions. They gained for him not cold admiration merely, but glowing cordial love. The substantial proofs which he received of this affection were not few; and the nature of the gifts frequently bespoke the naïveté of the givers. For instance, one severe winter day a countryman stopped before his house with a huge waggon, drawn by four stout horses. It was loaded with well-seasoned firewood, ready split for use. On being asked its destination, he replied that it was for Gellert—'For I shall feel more comfortable,' he said, 'when I am certain that the poor poet, who amuses us well while we sit in the warm chimney of an evening, has the means of warming himself well also.'"

Dr. Knox (*Medical Times*) says of the Welsh huts: "Here sits the Celtic woman conning over the antique songs of her race, or watching the husband as he fights his way through the drunken brawls of fairs and markets; her home in darkness; her children in rags; her domestic economy indescribable."

NEWSPAPER FLORA.—We are strikingly reminded of the presence of autumn, and the consequent dearth of intelligence, by the *American aloes* and *Lilia lancifolia*, which are now in full bloom in the newspapers—*Punch*.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MEMOIR OF LIEUT. G. A. F. RUXTON.—Newspapers announce the death, from dysentery, of Lieut. George Augustus Frederick Ruxton, at St. Louis, on the Mississippi. He was the third son of John Ruxton, Esq., of Broad Oak, Brenchley, Kent, and of Anna Maria, daughter of the late Col. Patrick Hay, a lineal descendant of the noble house of Tweeddale. He was born on the 24th of July, 1821, so that he had but just attained his 27th year. He left Sandhurst without waiting for his commission, to learn the duties of a soldier in the Peninsula of Spain, and was present in the following actions while serving in the cavalry, under Don Diego Leon, in 1830 :—Capture of Los Arcos—Action of Villatuerta and affair of the Ega—Action and taking the fortified Bridge and entrenched heights of Belascoin—Action of Arroniz—Action of the Val de Berreza. For these services, but more especially for his gallantry at Belascoin, he was created by Isabella II. a Knight of the First Class of the Order of St. Fernando—an order which he was permitted to wear in the British service. On his return from Spain in 1839, he joined the 89th Reg., while serving in Canada, and thus became acquainted with "Indian life." Here he threw off the soldier for the wigwams of the North American Indians, and for the wild, enchanting scenery around them, which created a thirst for adventure of the most daring kind. To add to our geographical knowledge some of the unexplored and hitherto inaccessible lands of Africa, was his first bent. "This ardent and accomplished youth," to use the words of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, in his anniversary address in 1845, "formed the daring project of traversing Africa in the parallel of the southern tropic. With this intent he sailed from Liverpool in the Royalist for Ichaboe, and after reaching Walwish Bay, to penetrate through the central region to the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique. Some fifty miles of coast was all Mr. Ruxton was able to accomplish, for he was denied that assistance from the natives which was essential for his crossing over to Mozambique, owing to the jealousy of the traders established on the coast, but more especially of the missionaries. Short as untoward circumstances rendered this traveller's operations, he still had time to improve our maps, by expunging from them the Fish River, said to empty itself into Angra Pequenda, and three smaller streams, described as falling into the sea between the Gariap and

Walwish Bay—geographical errors which had nearly cost him his life, for he was still far from Walwish Bay, on his homeward route, when, exhausted with heat, fatigue, and want of food, he had to resign himself to the will of his Creator. A party of Indians, however, discovered him in this dreadful condition, and by administering to his wants, enabled him to reach the Royalist, still at her anchorage off Ichaboe. The detailed account of Mr. Ruxton's all but fatal journey is inserted at length in the *Nautical Magazine* for January, 1846.

Before leaving Africa, Mr. Ruxton made himself acquainted with the natural inhabitants of the almost inaccessible valleys of the Sneewburg Meuweldt and the desolate tracts of Karoo, or desert, extending from the northern boundary of the Cape Colony northward nearly to the Tropic. He contributed to the Ethnological Society an able paper on this interesting people, known as Bushmen, a race of human beings existing on locusts and the larvæ of insects, food sought by them as a luxury, and deemed the greatest blessing—what to the rest of mankind is a plague and a pestilence.

Nothing daunted by the peril of his first adventure in Africa, and still having the same conception of his "daring project of traversing Africa in the parallel of the southern tropic," he asked again and again from her Majesty's Government some little assistance to enrich his private resources, which ended in the application being referred to the Geographical Society for its opinion, and that opinion being filed in the archives of the Colonial Office, an opinion greatly to the credit of Mr. Ruxton, strongly expressed in his favor. Delay followed delay, which our adventurous traveller could no more brook than those who have trodden before him the same crooked path, destined, like himself, to perform great works with little means; but that the Minister of the day was incapable of appreciating the rich storehouses he was resolved to lay waste, and in consequence he withdrew from the field of research in Africa.

Mr. Ruxton now became a silent observer of the sanguinary assault and capture of Monterey by General Taylor, and of the proceedings of a body of men composed of the wildest and most dissolute class in the state of Texas, called Texan Rangers. From this scene of horrors—and it might well be so called, for civilized society has scarcely offered a parallel to the excesses they committed—Mr. Ruxton proceeded to Saltillo, now the head-quarters



of the American army, of 4000 strong, and upon which Antonio de Santa Anna was marching with 18,000 Mexicans. The victory which the Americans there gained is called the battle of Buena Vista. In *Fraser's Magazine* for last July, under the title of "Sketches of the Mexican War," will be found Mr. Ruxton's stirring picture of the recent struggle between the Americans and the Mexicans.

From Saltillo Mr. Ruxton made an extensive travel through Mexico to the great back-bone of North America, and thus made himself acquainted with the social condition of the Mexicans and of the Indian tribes of Mexico and North America. It is merely necessary to mention that the title under which this accomplished traveller has recorded his observations is, "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," to call forth afresh that admiration for its author which has seldom been bestowed so universally upon a contribution to the "Home and Colonial Library," of which these adventures form a part. To the Ethnological Society Mr. Ruxton contributed, as one of the results of his Mexican adventure, a paper "On the Migration of the Ancient Mexicans and their Analogy to the existing Indian Tribes of Northern Mexico," which has an appropriate place in the *Journal of the Ethnological Society*. "Life in the Far West," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, also from the pen of Mr. Ruxton, is a vigorous picture of life in Western America, which has scarcely been equalled for boldness of touch; and a pamphlet "On the Oregon Question," which contains a glance at the respective claims of Great Britain and the United States to the territory in dispute, bears the mark of his usual acuteness. When we consider that all we have stated was the work of one who had but just attained his 27th year, and that he has been suddenly taken from us, a victim to climate, in the active prosecution of further research, we cannot refrain from deeply lamenting his loss. Even if the labors of this gallant young officer and intrepid traveller were a solitary instance of British enterprise, it would afford a contradiction to a contemporary, who stated a short time since—"It is not extremely creditable to the Britishers that the two most extraordinary, most valuable voyages of discovery and development of our colonial resources, should have been performed by foreigners—Count Strzlecki and Dr. Leichardt, and instigated solely by their own individual love of science, and equipped at their own expense, or with the promiscuous contributions of a few private friends." At the time that our contemporary was using this language, there was a Ruxton, a King, a Daniel, a Johnson, a Richardson, all thorough bred

Englishmen, with English hearts, destined every one of them to perform gigantic works with little means, did but the love of country, and love of race, and love of travel exist a little more than it does in the Government and in the Press. — *United Service Journal*.

The *Daily News*, in a series of articles on "The Great Prisons of London," is usefully directing attention to the present state of metropolitan gaols and the systems of discipline pursued in them. Some of the revelations made are startling; and prove that, with all our reforms and improvements in the theory and model practice of penal science, the English prison is still the same theatre of moral and mental corruption as in the days of Howard. Let any man read the accounts of Giltspur Street, Compter, Newgate, the Bridewell, Horsemonger Lane Gaol—and then ask himself if these things should be suffered to continue longer. It is a notorious fact to students of penology (as Prof. Lieber proposes to call the newly-created science of prison treatment) that the City of London gaols are about the most abominable in Europe; and this fact, so disgraceful to a corporation which is one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the world, we are desirous of assisting our contemporary to make universally known. If the dictates of humanity will not induce the magistracy of the capital of England to improve their prisons,—their fears, their purses, and their sense of shame may be appealed to with more probability of success. By continuing such places as Newgate and its grim neighbor of Giltspur Street, they are not only throwing temptation and the means of corruption in the way of the weak and falling, but are likewise sowing the seeds of future expenses in such a way that they cannot fail to produce a plenteous crop. Here the promptings of mere policy are identical with the dictates of a wise philosophy. If we would arrest the progress of crime we must endeavor to reform the criminal. As a matter of principle, we prefer a system which will deal with the pariah before he is committed to his guilty career; but it is absurd as well as wicked to place him in a school of vice by way of strengthening his virtues. Surely something will be done by the magnates of the City to redeem themselves from this disgrace. Meantime, our contemporary is doing good service, as we have said, by its exposures of the London prisons.—*Athenæum*.

Growing old is like bodily existence refining away into spiritual life. True, the ripeness of the soul is hidden in the decay of the body; but so is many a ripe fruit in its husk.

**THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, AND THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.**—A special meeting of the Council of the Shakespeare Society was held Tuesday, in order that Mr. Payne Collier, the director, might communicate the prompt acquiescence of the Earl of Ellesmere, as president of the society, in the request of the members that they should be permitted to engrave, in a large size, and by one of the first artists of our day, the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, recently bought by his lordship at the sale at Stowe. The council, after a vote of hearty thanks to his lordship, came to the unanimous resolution to spare no expense, in order that the copy of the original picture, to be distributed to the members of the society who shall have paid their subscriptions on the 1st of January next, should be most perfect as a work of art, and as a fac-simile.—*Spectator*.

**MILITARY AND NAVAL EXPENDITURES OF ENGLAND.**—How few people ever realize in their own minds what is the meaning of a sum of money such as £18,500,000 a year, spent for the support of a warlike establishment. It was well observed by Mr. Henry Drummond that such sums convey no more idea ordinarily of what is meant than astronomers do when they speak of the distance of this planet from the sun. The best way of impressing it on people's minds is by comparing it with something that they come in contact with in ordinary life. A Manchester man will understand us when we say that the above sum would pay for all the

buildings in this borough—that two years of such expenditure would devour a sum equal to the whole of the capital employed in the cotton trade. A farmer would comprehend what we meant if we spoke of a fund which, if employed in agriculture, would pay 10s. a week to more than 700,000 laborers throughout the year—such as is paid to all the peasantry in England and Wales—or as much as would drain every year upwards of 400,000 acres of land. Now, if this huge outlay be necessary to preserve our shores from being invaded, our towns destroyed, and our fertile fields ravaged, then it cannot be called unproductive; on the contrary, it would enter into all production, since all capital and labor would depend upon the security afforded by our armaments for their safe employment. But every soldier not necessary for defence, and every ship of war more than is required for our security, are a pure waste and destruction of capital, yielding no return whatever.—*Manchester Times*.

The Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "Sick of solitary dinners, the etiquette of several hundred years, the Pope gave a banquet at the Quirinal Palace on the 13th. This is not the least startling innovation for which the memory of Pío Nono will be famous. Does not (Alexander) Pope describe some personage as claiming renown, because that

"Judicious drank; and—greatly daring—dined.

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